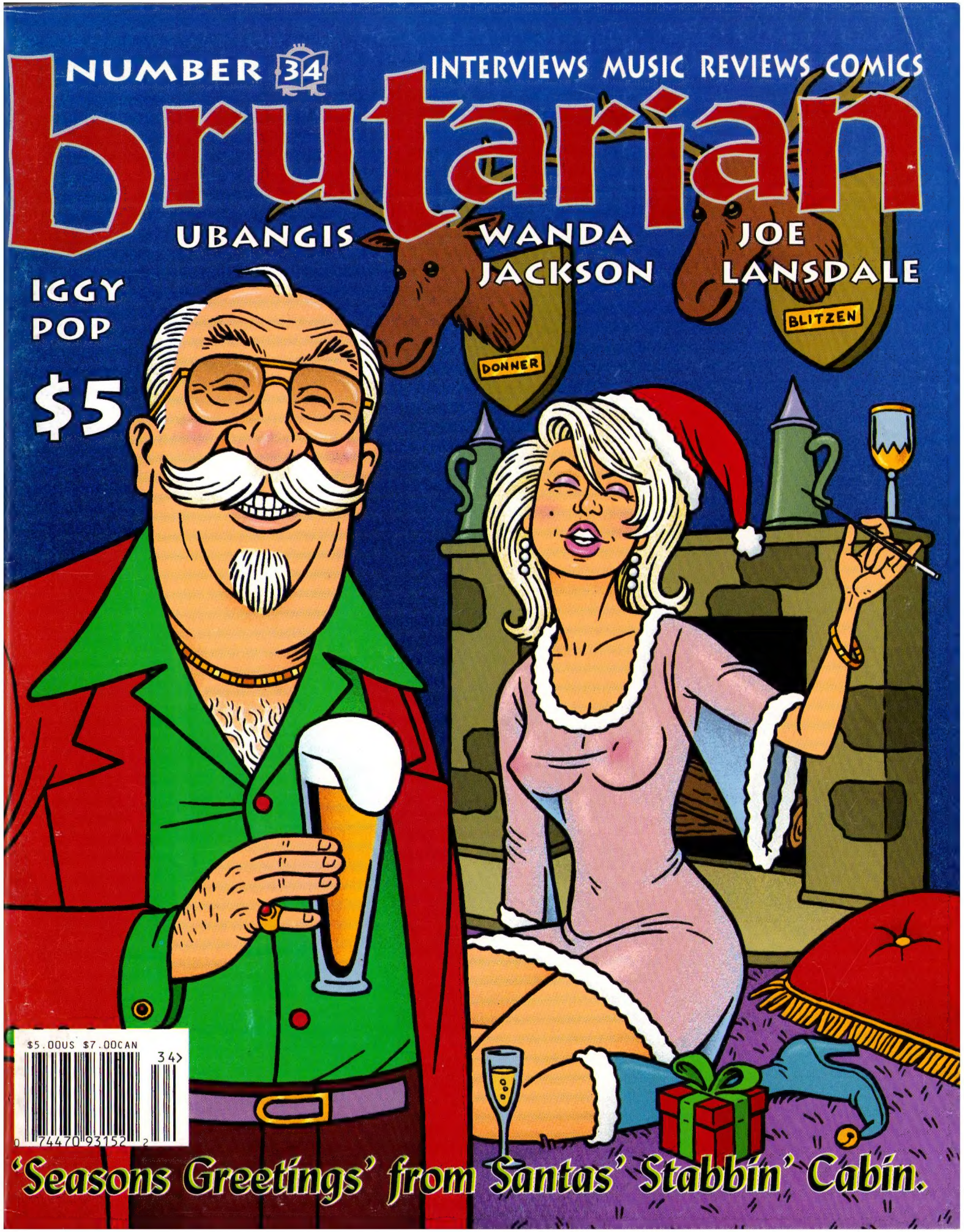

NUMBER 34
INTERVIEWS MUSIC REVIEWS COMICS
brutarian
UBANGIS
WANDA JACKSON
JOE LANSDALE
IGGY POP
$5
DONNER
BLITZEN
$5.00US $7.00CAN
34
0 74470 93152 2
'Seasons Greetings' from Santas' Stabbin' Cabin.

Infidels.

We are prepared to kill every last man, every last woman and children, even every living thing in order to ***purify the earth*** of the scourge that is befouling it. I myself am so disgusted with the pollution inhabiting even the smallest leaf that I now eat only my own feces.

Osama Bin Laden
Coprophagia, Afghanistan

Imperialist Yankee Dogs.

You do not understand! Osama is a guest in our country and under Islamic law and holy practice, ***praise Allah!*** you do not mistreat a guest by suddenly showing him the demarcation line between your country and Pakistan. Even if that guest has recently begun to indulge in he disturbing practice of eating his own filth.

Mawki Mawk
Taliban Spokesman
Afghanistan Bananastan

Brothers & Siste[illegible]s.

I say to you today, is it not better to eat your own excresences, verily to pluck your own ***dingleberries for nourishment*** than to eat the fruits of the so-called chosen people, a disreputable tribe who cherishes such delicacies as humor, music and art?

Lil Louie Farrakhan
Zog, ILL

Hell Yes!

That's what I say when people ask me if I'd defend Osma. People are entitled to a lawyer. Even have the defense all lined up. I say: ***If he eats the shit, you must acquit!***

Johnny "CaCa" Cochran
Shitforbrains, CA

American Friends.

We were horrified, most ***absolutely horrified*** to find our citizens celebrating the events of September 11th. We are a peace-loving people and that is why we executed all who took pictures of this so-called "celebrating."

Yessuh Arafat
Peacemeal, Palestine

Christian Soldiers.

You see, I was not prevaricating when I said that gays were responsible for the present crisis. For they, like the Arabs, eat their own dung. Assuredly it comes at the end of a semen-soaked penis, but let us not split pubic hairs here, a shiteater is a shiteater.

Most Rev. Jerry Falwell
Homophobe, VA

Manhattanites.

I wanted to be one of the first on the scene when the tragic events of September 13th took place. I did! Really and truly!! And if I had known just where The Global Trade Center was I would have been.

Hillary Clinton
Carpetbagger, NY

Shalom.

Much as I hate to say it, Hitler had the right idea: exterminate them all and they can't continue to breed. Thanks to America for using their present crisis so as to allow me to continue our good work. Watch us and remember: arbeit mach frei.

Ariel Sharon
Arabhate, Israel

Hello?

Where was I when the shit hit the fan on the 11th? Where the hell do you think I was? I was hiding in a bunker in West Virginia. After all, your commander in chief can't afford to be too careful when the going gets rough. Rest assured though, I have things under control.

Dick
"All Man and a Yard Wide"
Cheney
Cowards County, WV

Hey.

How many of you think even Bill would vote for me over Hillary in a poll for anything, even woman of the year? Just wondering.

Mayor Giuliani
Whitehaus, NY

BRUTARIAN is published Quarterly by Dom Salemi Articles & Artwork © 2001 by their respective authors unless otherwise noted.

Editor: Dom Salemi **Layout:** Paul Hernandez **Cover art:** Danny Hellman

SUBSCRIBE TO THE BRUTARIAN! Only $12 per annum,Back issues $6. All checks payable to Dom Salemi.

For Submissions & Subscriptions: P.O.Box 210 Accokeek MD 20607

FIREBALLS OF FREEDOM

WELCOME TO THE OCTAGON

ES1279 ESTROUS RECORDZ PO BOX 2125 BELLINGHAM, WA 98227 WWW.ESTROUS.COM

VIDEO JUNKIE'S

Imports & Oddities

#1 World-Wide in Service and Selection

Action
Comedy
Crime
Exploitation
Fantasy
Horror/Gore
Martial Arts
Monster
Sci-Fi
Sleaze
Westerns

Videos
CDs
Laserdiscs
DVDs
Scripts
Posters
Books
Magazines
T-Shirts
Ex-Rentals
NTSC & PAL

Visit Our Website!
New Stuff Every Friday!

HTTP://WWW.VIDJUNKIE.COM

P.O. Box 691055, Stockton, CA 95269-1055

Honest Reviews ✠ Reliable Service ✠ Fast Delivery
Major Credit Cards Accepted ✠ New Additions Weekly
Lowest Prices ✠ Highest Quality ✠ No Bullshit

BRUTARIAN #34

The Guts No Glory Issue

INTERVIEWS

06/ UBANGIS
by Dom Salemi

26/ Iggy Pop
by Holly Day

44/ Wanda Jackson
(pt.1) by Ken Burke

70/ Joe Lansdale
by James Blaschke

COLUMNS

02/ On Manor's Mind
by Stately Wayne Manor

34/ Rat Stew
by Gene Stewart

ANUS

COMICS

33,43,52,76/Thinking Ape Blues
by Mark Poutenis

04/Take Stock of Myself
by John Terhorst

14/Dr. Stanislaw Stamen
by Bruno Nadalin

68/Book Nook
by Johnny Ryan

DESCENDING REVIEWS

17/Audio Deprivation

37/Six Pack Theater
by Ozzy Fide

53/Brutarian Library

FICTION

60/First, Catch Your Demons
by Graham Joyce

I hate war as only a soldier who has lived it can, only as one who has seen it's brutality, it's futility, it's stupidity.

As long as there are soveriegn nations possesing great power war is inevitable.
- DWIGHT EISENHOWER

ON MANOR'S MIND

The term should be "senseless beings" not "human beings," as far as I'm concerned. Bunch of selfish, insincere cowards, if you ask me - and even if you don't. Case in point: the tendency of the masses to marvel over someone who 'says/writes exactly what you're thinking but dare not express out loud."

Don't speak your mind? Well, that makes you a pathetic quivering jellyfish, doesn't it? Furthermore, how dare such worms assume to have even the slightest inkling of "what you're thinking"! Let me wise these snivellers up to something: Your thought process, an Etch-A-Sketch; mine, a Dali painting.

You want to be awestruck by someone speaking out without fear of the repercussions? I'll provide plenty right here, starting with a man you've likely applied that very "says...loud" quote to: I think Howard Stern is a racist, homophobic exploiter of the emotionally warped, and don't for a second buy that "he's really a sweetheart putting on an outrageous act" rationalization.

While you Stern-apologists are getting all huffy, how about rewinding to the video footage of one of his early Pay Per Views when the "sweetheart" bullied a confused girl - already stripped to her undies - into fainting, then made a stream of callous remarks suggesting his stooges perform sexual acts on his unconscious victim?

Tell me how cool that was - and how double-cool it would have been if she were your sister...or, better still, she was thee. And how triple-cool it was to include the degradation on a nationally distributed tape and broadcast rather than spare the cutie - a fan of his, no less - any further humiliation.

As far as the racist, homophobe and exploiter tags go, all one needs do is catch 15 minutes of his televised products. Son Of The Beach, exec-produced by Stern, features a lisping, limp-wristed gay sissy character and a black lifeguard (played by a half-white actress, by the by) whose nearly every line consists of a string of outdated ebonic cliches, just the sort of crap you'd expect from honky writers who are about as "down" as their Volvos. I'm half-surprised they haven't had the latter dancing with a bucket of KFC while the former snaps his fingers and yells, You go, Mith Thing."

Then there's the televersion of the radio show, primarily a parade of Gotham dingbats to be laughed at and second-tier pornstresses before whom Howard exposes his lack of sex smarts.

Here's something else for the apologists to ponder. More often than not, the TV show consists of Stern leering over babes flashing flesh, correct? Ever notice they're almost exclusively white girls?

*** Not expressing certain thoughts because the subject happens to be of a different persuasion is both gutless and another form of racism. Most sportswriters, for instance, are star-struck ofays, afraid to publicly posit two glaringly obvious particulars, leaving it to Stately to have the chutzpah.**

First, Michael Jordan is a fathead to attempt a comeback this season. Sycophant scribes drooling over Mikey's Nikes "forget" to point out #23's return is taking an opportunity away from some impoverished unknown who's dreamt his entire life about playing one minute in the league. Hit the showers, Mike.

Secondly, Tiger Woods dresses like a McDonald's employee. Who's this guy's "fashion consultant" anyway, Jeff Healey? Every time I see Woods approach a microphone, I expect him to say, "That'll be $3.18. Please pull up to the first window."

This duo's pigment, religion, sexual orientation and nationality have no bearing whatsoever upon, nor do they alter, the truths presented. Quite frankly, regardless of race, creed, color, blood type, home state and so forth, I hate everyone. But I hate everyone equally.

*** Unfortunately, if you too like to hang in neighborhood taprooms, odds are you're constantly surrounded by bigoted bigmouths. Most of what these beer-muscled buffoons spout is pure ignorance. Every now and then, however, the ignorant can be entertaining. That's not my next common unspoken thought, though. This is: although they may be hurtful and socially injurious, some ethnic jokes are pretty damn funny!**

Oh, and lest you think I'm one of those "Can dish it out but not take it" types, I'll hip you to a

rib on my heritage penned by one SWManor. Actually, this is a gag better heard than read, but you'll get the picture.

Q: Why did Mario Andretti snort meth?
A: It helped make the day go faster.

While I've got a little column space left, let me throw out a few more unspoken thoughts.

*** She (with the help of an enormous staff) may be able to showboat all sorts of skills and reap in millions, but there's one thing all those assets can't remedy - Martha Stewart is a hag.**

*** Though old-school metal may be the bastion of he-man oh-so-macho posturing, Ozzy Osbourne is whipped worse than a gold miner's mule. "I am Iron Man...um, if that's okay with you, honey."**

*** No mess, no hassle, no cost, no germs, no commitment or lying about same: DIY sex can be better than bedding someone else. And don't tell me you've never done it. Oh, I forgot: boys, you rented all those porn vids for their compelling storylines; and, girls, that stack of batteries hidden in your dresser is there in case the flashlight needs a refill.**

*** Adult-oriented journals - including this one - wouldn't exist in their current form if not for him, thus it's distressing to diss the man. Nonetheless, after a lifetime personifying intelligence, dignity, style and class, Hugh Hefner comes across like a lust-crazed lecher these days.**

Hey, I'm one, too, and ergo not claiming there's anything inherently "wrong" with drooling over 19-year-old bimbos. Then again, I've never cultivated the pipe-smoking sophisticate image, either.

*** Morals, schmorals: The one true deterrent stopping you from committing murder is going to prison. It is for me, anyway. Everyone I know who's done hard time assures me, with my undeniable cuteness and lithe bod, the showers would be SRO with cons eager to meat SWM. (And, no, I didn't misspell "meet.")**

*** Next time he pulls out his pistol, James Brown ought to shoot his barber...and Paul Shaffer...and whomever coined "post-modern."**

*** You would never turn one down for fear of "how it would look"; nonetheless, lap dances are pointless exercises geared towards purebred suckers. You can't touch the lass. It's clarified right from the start she: is doing it solely because you're paying her; and, couldn't give a toss about you personally. In fact, she'd grind on Milosevic if he walked up with a double-sawbuck. So what's the point of even hiring the ho? To see exactly what you're not getting?**

Incidentally, the ones who aren't lesbians tend to have a sponging pimp of an old man at home who is not only getting what you want, but also the money you paid not to get it!

*** HBO has done a superb job of drawing attention to their Sex And The City series, particularly its best-known lead. Unfortunately, Sarah Jessica Parker hasn't been a superhottie in ages. No doubt she was a bombshell on wheels as the roller skater in L.A. Story. That, however, was ten years ago. Sigh, so few of us mega-desirables hold up well to time. One who has is....**

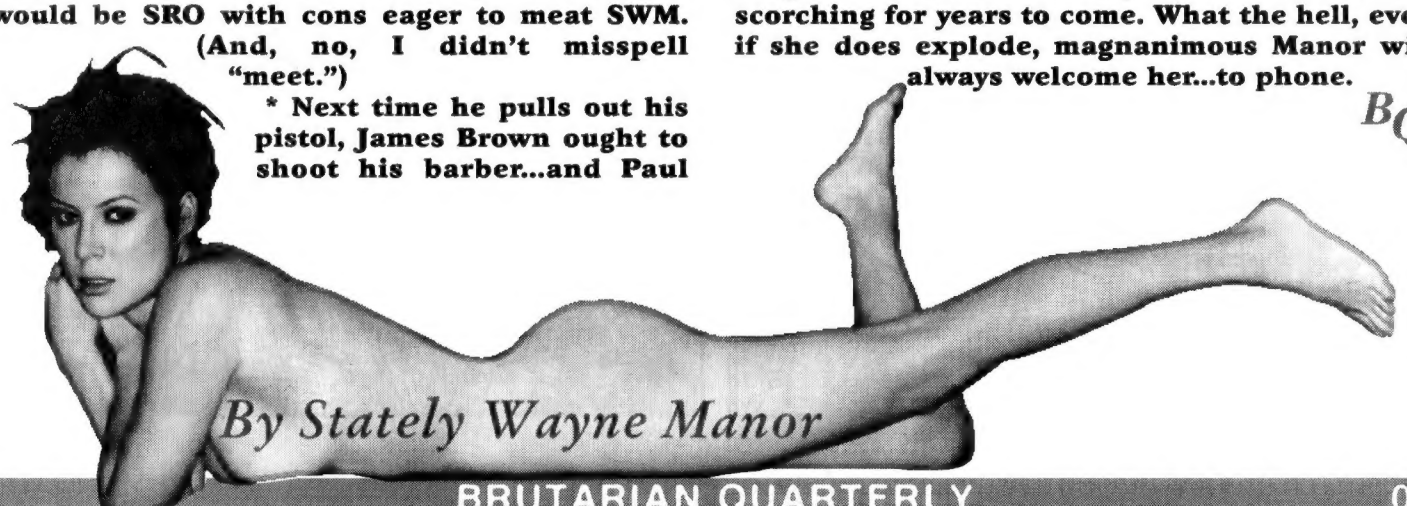
HUBBA HUBBA HONEYS: Golldang, with that angelic face, that curvaceous carcass and, most of all, that incredible vocal intonation, even the most innocent line sounds like Bettiy Boop "talkin' dirty" when delivered by Jennifer Tilly.

Unlike Parker, whose voluptuousness has dissipated with age, JenTill is one of the rare blessed with the Ultimate Female Luck Out - to pick up a few pounds but have them only go to the most interesting places on her torso.

To put it cryptically, following tangoing with Father Time, she can substitute "t" for every "l" in her name, and got a bit of posh padding on her suite seat in the deal. Still with me?

In some ways, Jennifer reminds me of a Canadian Diana Dors...and if you're familiar with Double-D, that's certainly not a knock. As long as she doesn't Shelley Winterize, she'll be scorching for years to come. What the hell, even if she does explode, magnanimous Manor will always welcome her...to phone.

BQ



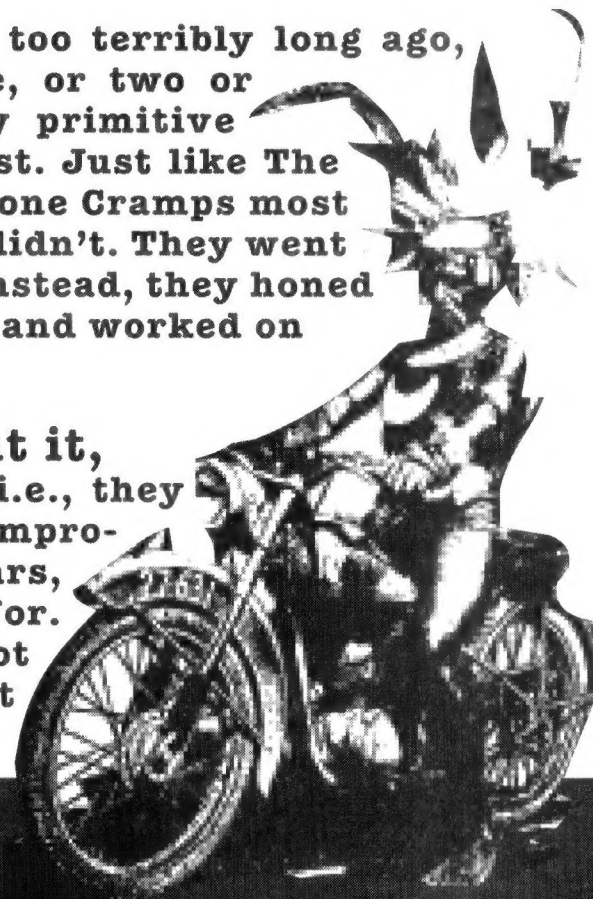
By Stately Wayne Manor

TAKE STOCK OF MYSELF
By John Erbacher
©copyright 1999
Hey remember me? I used to be the doorman at the A7 club. I saw you play, man you really burnt the paint off the walls.
Back in the day... Steve right. Hi.
Yea, I worked at that club for 5 years. My band the Minors did O.K. too. About a year ago, I was going to Ireland for awhile, and then my mom died.
I was sitting next her bed, and then she was gone. I felt a hand.. on my shoulder, afterward there was no one in the room. It was eerie. I cried all day. I put my dad to bed. Then I went to work.
When I showed up to the club, I told my boss about my mom and he said, "I guess we'll have to give you a day off for the funeral". Everybody laughed. I walked out the door and never went back. My boss called and sent a card saying he was sorry. Fuck him.
Our Sympathy
Con Ed
My dad really lost it, and my sister, she's mentally handicapped, and my fucking brother, he lives upstate with his wife and family. He couldn't give a shit.

A month or two later, none of my so called friends had called me. My old bandmates were too busy for a "Bummer" time.
PHONEMA
My mom had always been a drinker. She was of the 1950's school; she would come home and have martinis and she was usually faced by bedtime.
VODKA
VODKA
When she retired, she had really developed a problem with booze. Later, she got sick with cancer, and her body had nothing left to fight it with.
Being around my dad and sister, I began to see a lot of my mom in me. I cut out the booze and then when I was sober and alone, I began to take stock of myself.
It was hard. I really did not like who I saw, but it was me. I have turned things around; I have my own business and a new band. Real friends, I never knew who they were before.
Its late, gotta catch some sleep.
I'm leaving too. Great seeing you. Nothing left to do but pay the bill ...and go home.
BUD

Once upon a time, not too terribly long ago, almost every town in America had one, or two or three: band(s) playing self-consciously primitive garage rock with a slightly ghoulish twist. Just like The Cramps. But because there really is only one Cramps most of these bands packed it in. The Ubangis didn't. They went on hiatus but they never called it quits. Instead, they honed their songwriting skills and stage moves and worked on getting The Cramps out.

But let's make no bones about it, The Ubangis play junk, absolute trash, i.e., they seek to entertain on the basest, most compromised of levels. Generating laughter, tears, shivers and swoons is what they strive for. It's the absurd courting the vulgar and not caring whether it succeeds. Which is what rock and roll is all about, isn't?



UBANGIS

by Dom Salemi

IT'S ONLY JUNK IF YOU PLAY IT RIGHT

Brutarian: So let's get to why the band almost threw in the towel . . .

Manos (lead guitar player and co-writer): Really? We almost broke-up? That's news to me!

Horrorwitz (lead singer, drummer and co-writer): Well, it wasn't so much a matter of breaking up as having to take a break. In this area, at least, it's really hard to find people who want to play this kind of music. That and realizing that you have to practice and practice and then go out on the road all the time. And for almost no money. After 11 years too!

Brutarian: So what's fun about being a loser, then?

Manos: Well, you can't quit your day job, that's for sure.

Horrorwitz: Take the band I had before this, Date Bait. We had about two hundred people play in that band because each time someone joined they thought "Cool! I get to be in a band with Kim Kane!" who, as you know, played guitar in The Slickee Boys. But we went through all these people because they just didn't realize how much work was involved in being in a band and how little reward, monetarily speaking, there was. But Randy [Manos] and I kept at it because we loved playing this kind of music . . .

Manos: We were always writing but it wasn't until we got a bass player (Eric "U.M.F." Tavela) that we began to branch out and write surf instros and more complex bits.

Eric, our bass player at the time, was an excellent guitarist who had switched to bass for us and it was thru his imaginative playing that he gave us a greater palette to draw on.

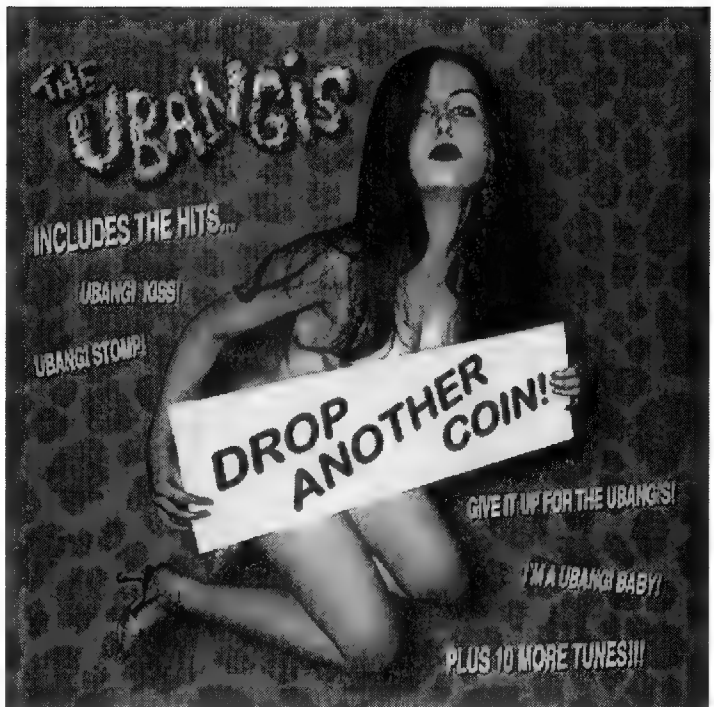
Horrowitz: After Eric split, we stopped playing live as much and were able to develop still further. We began working on film soundtracks, the Jess Franco films being among the most notable, and we became even more versatile.

Manos: A long way from when we first started and were doing simple blues progressions.

Horrorwitz: And then one day Steve (percussion and theremin) and his wife Nancy (bass player) came up and said they were interested with Nancy saying, "Hey, I'll play bass." We didn't even know she played bass or that Steve had a theremin. Before this Nancy had modeled a great cheesecake pose for our CD cover and Steve, a tremendous comic artist and illustrator, had been drawing for us.

Brutarian: And how did a sweet young thing such as yourself get corrupted by rock-n-roll?

Nasty Nancy (bass player): As a kid music was an escape from real life for me. My mom's musical taste had influenced me a lot when I was really young living in Baltimore.



UBANGIS DISCOGRAPHY

"Lovesick" and "Grandma Dynamite" b/w "Helter Skelter" 7" EP (1992)
1st pressing on DeCeased Records (DR-002)
300 hand-numbered copies
2nd pressing on Get Hip Records (GH-177)
500 copies (?) on cream colored vinyl
3rd pressing on Get Gip Records (GH-177)
500 copies (?) on black vinyl

"Chickens For Christmas" b/w "(She's A) Yamakah Mama (At Chanukah Time)" 7" single (1993) given away free with "Brutarian" magazine #10
1 pressing on DeCeased Records (DR-XMAS-1)
1,000 copies

"Drop Another Coin" CD (1997)
1 pressing on DeCeased Records (DR-007)
1,000 copies

"I Want Your Blood Tonight" b/w "I'm A Ubangi, Baby!" and "Death Of A Surfer" (1997)
1 pressing on Pure Vinyl Records from Austria (PV-007)
500 copies pressed, 100 of which were shipped to the U.S. and each was then individually blood-splattered by hand!

COMPILATION CUTS:
"The Hunch" and "Linda Sue Dixon" on "Let's Rock" cassette compilation (1991)
Recorded live at WMUC FM in College Park, Maryland on "The Teen Scene" show

We were crazy about the Beatles and liked Roy Orbison a lot. Mom gave me a bunch of her twin sister's Beatles records to play when I was around three. She trusted me with them which was a big mistake and I played them constantly for years. I wound up destroying them all. I still have them even though they're unplayable now...

Brutarian: And The Ubangis?...

Nasty Nancy: The Ubangis sound always amazed me. They were really fun visually and Brian's creative genius pulled it all together. So I was thrilled to get a chance to play with them; I'd always wanted to and just jumped at the chance although I have to admit that I miss seeing the band as an audience member.

Brutarian: Brian, a genius? We were unaware that he had completed high school.

Horrorwitz: Not true. Not true. It just took me until I was 29 to get a diploma.

Nasty Nancy: Randy was a great pull for me too. I was always crazy about 60's go-go girl stuff growing up. I liked the wild colorful clothes, the big hair, tons of make-up and the huge eyelashes. And the music that went along with that image: that surf guitar sound which Randy captures so well.

Brutarian: This kind of music being . . .

Horrorwitz: Rock and roll, baby!

Brutarian: I think that's a little broad . . . "trashy" or "garbage" should be employed, I think.

Horrorwitz: Who you calling a little broad!!?

Manos: I was thinking about that just now as well as an article someone wrote about us; and like so many journalists, the writer was trying to neatly categorize us. "Psychopunkatrashabilly," was what he finally came up with.

Brutarian: A terrible neologism but you can see what he was trying to work toward . . .

Horrorwitz: Actually, I came up with that word for the writer . . .

Manos: Oh, that's right, but he decided to use it. But here's my point, finally, from the 80's on, I don't think that "rock and roll" has ever been "rock and roll." The record companies just call whatever it is they release, "rock and roll" so they can sell it. What we do is closer to the original "rock and roll" in sound and spirit . . .

Horrorwitz: . . . which was the intent from the get go . . .

Manos: . . . and it's funny that in this day and age, to sell what we do, you almost have to call it performance art. But it's not, it's rock and roll. It may seem primitive, even shocking to a lot of people but what can we do? At least people are giving us a look!

Horrorwitz: Originally we were called, by a few local writers, a psychobilly band, which I never really thought we were. But we've changed a bit and you can't even call the material we do now rockabilly. We never sounded like a psychobilly band and we were way too trashy and weird even in the beginning to be labeled a simple rockabilly band

although we might do a rockabilly song occasionally. Today . . .

Brutarian: But there's a definite trash aesthetic at work here, however.

Horrorwitz: Well, some of the inspiration when I started was Little Richard, Screaming Jay Hawkins, the early Andre Williams' stuff before he was "re-discovered". For Randy it was Link Wray, Davie Allan, Dick Dale. So throw that all together and if that's trash, well ok. But even so you take all that and we'll still do our version of a Devo song or whatever we feel like at the moment.

Brutarian: But Mr. Horrorwitz, we want to show what a genius you are. We need you to talk about the trash aesthetic. What it is and how it underlies what you do.

Horrorwitz: It's the approach someone takes to their art form. Take movies for example. We talk about exploitation movies but technically all movies are exploitation movies because most of them exist to make money. But in the aesthetic sense, what "exploitation" filmmakers would do would be to shoot films that the bigger, more successful studios wouldn't make in order to compete financially. So they would make sex films, violent films, gory films, what have you. It was a more honest approach because they weren't trying to be intellectual or artistic, they were just going for the lowest common denominator. No pretensions, no bullshit. This is what you want, this what you get. Just give us your money. That's the trash aesthetic. Pure exploitation.

Brutarian: . . .and applied to rock and roll?

Horrorwitz: For rock and roll which I thought was always about emotion and sex and energy . . .

Manos: . . . and craziness

"Rock-N-Roll Guitar" on "Intimate Recession" cassette compilation on D.S.I Records (DSI T-012, 1992)
recorded live at D.C. Space, Saucy & Jill's 1st gig!

"Monster A Go-Go" theme on DeCeased Sampler 7" EP (1992) given away free with Brutarian magazine #7
1 pressing on DeCeased Records (DR-003), 1,000 copies

"Chickens For Christmas" and "(She's A) Yamakah Mama (At Chanukah Time)" on "It's A Rockin' Christmas" CD (1993)
Repeats the 2 cuts from the Brutarian holiday 7". On the Run Wild Records label (RW-500)

"Ubangi Twist" on "Friday Night Rumble volume 2" CD (1998)
Outtake from "Drop Another Coin" sessions. On Run Wild Records (RW-904)

UPCOMING:

"Green Slime" theme b/w "Green Slime" remix 7" single
limited pressing on DeCeased Records, green vinyl

"Vampire Blues" 7" EP
limited pressing of the Jess Franco theme

"Exploit Yourself" CD

FILM WORK:

"Jess Franco's Lust For Frankenstein" (1997)
3 songs used: "Ubangi Stomp", "I Want Your Blood Tonight" and "Death Of A Surfer".
(Note: The European version of the movie omits "Death..." but has longer versions of the other 2 songs.)

"Jess Franco's Vampire Blues" (1998)
The Ubangis composed 4 tracks which are heard repeatedly throughout the film: "Vampire Blues" (theme), "Vampire Blues" (slow version), "Vampire Blues" (space guitar) and "Bloodstained Blues".

"Jess Franco's Blind Target"(2000)
The Ubangis composed several tracks, 2 of which are heard at the opening and closing of the film: "Dead Eyes" (slow version) and "Dead Eyes" (slow instrumental). Lyrics were written by Franco producer KevinCollins.

Brutarian: . . . and alcohol and drugs . . .

Horrorwitz : . . . well, not for us . . . but looking at rock and roll . . . really, it's not about pretense . . . in it's purer forms it just is another kind of exploitation. So, really, there's no trash aesthetic to apply. Trash is part and parcel of what rock and roll is.

Brutarian: Along with not caring what other people think or taking responsibility for who you offend . . .

Horrorwitz: Not necessarily. Although, I have to admit, when I first started the band ... let's call this period, the "pre-Ubangis" period ... there's no question that we specifically got together with the idea of pissing-off certain people in the D.C. - Baltimore band scene. Which didn't mean that we didn't dig what we were doing or didn't enjoy playing or weren't sincere or any good but that was the time when we'd play thirty minutes of chicken songs and then I'd come out for the grand finale wearing a chicken g-string and nothing else. Eating dog food on the stage . . . Not that I'm above doing any of that now, mind you. But at the time there were a lot of rockabilly bands around, some really good, some not-so-good, and a good part of that scene was just so filled with ego . . . Snob-abilly! Bands were trying to sound like Johnny Burnette who was awesome, of course, but you just ain't gonna sound like Johnny Burnette no matter how hard you try, so why bother? And around this time there were a lot of compilation records showing up with these really obscure 50's rock and r&b tracks; they were as raw and rockin' as any punk records ever. So I went to a bunch of guys several of whom were in bands already and said, "I'll bet you we could form a group, book a gig and have only one rehearsal and just do nothing but covers of these obscure songs and we would be instantly a million times better than these other groups." So that was the impetus for the band: pure, raw, and fun rock and roll. So it started as a joke, a bet really, but then we started getting calls for gigs, so much that the other guys couldn't invest any more time so they all bailed. So things momentarily stopped...

Manos: Until about 1991 when I met Brian. I had seen him with Date Bait and was intrigued by him and his band. They had opened for The Cramps in '89 and had gravestones and a coffin on the stage with a guy in a gorilla suit jumping around . . . Incredible! Anyway, one day I'm in the record store where Brian works with my hands full of Ventures' CDs and I see the Date Bait LP and I thought, "Cool, I'll pick this up too." So we get to talking and he mentions he needs a guitarist for this offshoot band of his called The Ubangis.

Horrorwitz: . . . and the rest is history although I think he was the only guy to ever buy The Date Bait record.

Brutarian: So ten years on and suddenly we have a theremin in the group?

Horrorwitz: Well, Steve just came up to us and asked if he could play theremin on a few

cuts. And he did and it meshed perfectly but we wanted him to play on more of our set so one day he showed up with his conga drums and it was amazing. We've always had kind of a jungle sound on many of our tunes and his work just fleshed it out.

Steve (theremin player and percussionist): I use to play in bands years ago. I was in a band called The Skeptics and Killers From Space and I was the drummer in both those bands. I wasn't looking to join a band but Nancy (his wife) joined and I said to myself, "That looks like fun." And the band was encouraging me . . .

Brutarian: How do you master an instrument like the theremin? It's next to impossible isn't it?

Steve: To me it seems rather easy. Something anyone can master with a little effort.

Nasty Nancy: Not true at all. Not when every body movement can change the note.

Manos: I have to disagree too. At every soundcheck you'll have the sound guy just shaking his head saying, "You're not really going to try to play that thing are you?" Because they've all had experiences with guys who just think it's a matter of goofing around with it and it's a disaster.

Horrorwitz: But Steve can actually play that thing!

Nasty Nancy: Real notes. Actual songs.

Steve: Placement is important too. If you place it too close to other instruments you deaden the sound.

Horrorwitz: That's why everyone left that night!

Brutarian: Tell us about your soundtrack work that you mentioned earlier. How did

"Antena Criminal: The Making Of Jess Franco's "Blind Target" (2000) Many instrumental tracks are heard including "I, Chihuahua! (Theme from Antena Criminal)", "Death Of A Surfer" and several alternate versions of the "Blind Target" theme "Dead Eyes".

"Johnny Legend's Sex Mex" (2001)
3 tracks taken from "Drop Another Coin" CD for this upcoming wrestling / horror / porn film!

ABORTED RECORDINGS:
"Ubangi Stomp" recorded live b/w ? (1991)
single to be relesed on Black Lung Records (deal made, master tape was sent, never heard from label again)

"The Giant Claw" b/w ? (1993)
single to be released on Giant Claw Records in Austrailia (tape sent, label folded)

"Drop Another Coin" (1997)
re-release of the CD on vinyl LP with extra cuts on Behemoth Records (project remains in limbo)

"Concert For The Dead" by Jess Franco and The Ubangis (2001)
CD collection of soundtrack music heard in the films "Mari Cookie And The Killer Tarantula", "Lust For Frankenstein", "Dr. Wong's Virtual Hell", "Vampire Blues" and "Blind Target". Was to be released by One Shot Productions and may still be forthcoming.

you get involved with Jess Franco [cult director of over 175 films including "Vampyros Lesbos" and "Venus In Furs"] ?

Horrorwitz: Well, Steve and Nancy knew the guy that produces Franco's films now. Since Steve's cartoon cover for the Cramps' LP ("Bad Music For Bad People") he has done other covers and, more recently, promotional art for the films "Tender Flesh" and "Mari Cookie and the Killer Tarantula". So I gave Franco's producer The Ubangis CD simply because Nancy was on the cover and he was friends with them. Then we got a call a couple of weeks later asking to use tracks in "Lust For Frankenstein" we he had just finished. This is how fast Jess Franco works. It's what he's known for. Moving quick. Michelle Bauer, Amber Newman and Lina Romay were in that one. And then a few months later, I get a call from him asking if I could write a few original songs for his new film "Vampire Blues".

Manos: He wanted songs with minor chords.

Horrorwitz: He picked two songs off our CD and said, "Make them kind of like this." And so we did. Then we were called in for a third movie, "Blind Target".

Manos: But they could never make up their mind what they wanted.

Horrorwitz: And the big mistake was allowing a third party connected with the production try to write lyrics. It ruined the formula.

Brutarian: Which was the film that had all the silly whippings on a remote island?

Steve: That was "Tender Flesh", the first project I worked on for Franco.

Brutarian: Your artwork was the only good thing about that travesty.

Steve: Actually, the peeing in the frying pan scene was pretty funny.

Horrorwitz: Hey, I think that's actually a really good film! Franco says that of all of his recent films "Vampire Blues" is his favorite. He claims it's his most personal film.

Brutarian: You mean the one that keeps repeating the same lesbian scenes over and over again?

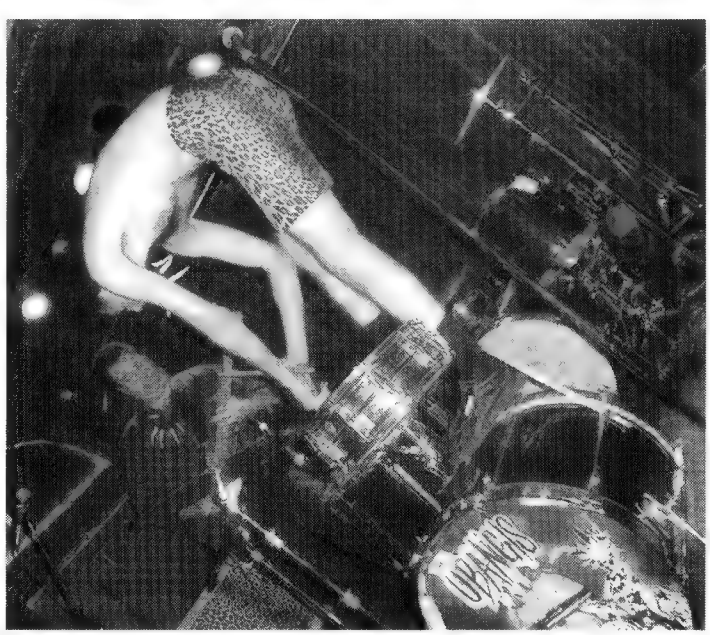
Nasty Nancy: I think it was different actresses assuming the same positions.

Manos: But we've got other film projects we're working on

Horrorwitz: That's right, we've got two songs in the first ever Mexican-wrestling-porn film that Johnny Legend has finished. He's calling it "Sex-Mex"! Also H.G. Lewis has spoken to us about the possibility of doing the theme for "Blood Feast 2". He's not actually sure if he's going to be making it . . .

Brutarian: H.G. Lewis? Of course he's not sure if he's going to be making it. He's one hundred and twenty-seven years old!

Horrorwitz: He's a really nice guy. For years people have been approaching him about making "Blood Feast 2" and what he's said



was that somebody actually sent him a decent script and it looks like he's going to come up with the money this time. We're involved with him by the way almost by accident. We did the theme to "Monster A-Go-Go", hey, on the record you put out, The Brutarian Sampler, and I gave Lewis a copy of that and The Ubangis' CD and he saw Nancy's picture on it and he suggested later that perhaps we should do the theme song.

Brutarian: And then?

Horrorwitz: And then we had phone sex . . . No, really this was fairly recently so even though we're not sure the movie is happening, H.G. Lewis is definitely interested in us writing some music for the project. He's been doing lectures and raising money. Interesting talks, he's not embarrassed to talk about his work but neither does he glamorize it. He knows it was shit.

Brutarian: But the money is there.

Steve: I'm not even sure H.G. knows but he says he's closer now to making it than he's ever been before. Actually he said he'd believe it when he sees it but it's closer to heading in that direction.

Brutarian: So what's in store for you guys in the future then?

Steve: Well, we're back in the studio now recording a new single, the theme from the 60's flick "The Green Slime"! It'll be limited edition on green vinyl and probably will be out this fall on Brian and Kim (Kane's) DeCeased Records label. Also, we're working on our new CD called "Exploit Yourself." After that, more gigs, more soundtracks and who knows what!

BQ

The Ubangis are:

Steve Blickenstaff
percussion and theremin
Brian D. Horrorwitz
drums & vocals
'Saucy' Randy Manos 'The Hands Of Death'
lead guitar
Nasty Nancy
bass guitar

FOR MORE INFO.
CHECK OUT THE UBANGIS' WEBSITE
at www.trashpalace.com/ubangis

UBANGIS BAND LINEUP HISTORY

UBANGIS #1, 1990 to 1991 ("pre-Ubangis"):
Jason Thrust rhythm guitar
Brian D. Horrorwitz vocals
'Stinky' Rob Hornung lead guitar
Johnny McBangi drums

UBANGIS #2, 1992 to 1994
Jill Grable rhythm guitar
Brian D. Horrorwitz drums & vocals
'Saucy' Randy Manos 'The Hands Of Death' lead guitar

UBANGIS #3, 1994 to 1999
Brian D. Horrorwitz drums & vocals
'Saucy' Randy Manos 'The Hands Of Death' lead guitar
Eric 'U.M.F.' Tavela bass guitar

UBANGIS #4, 1999
Kevin Hall - bass guitar
Brian D. Horrorwitz - drums & vocals
'Saucy' Randy Manos 'The Hands Of Death' lead guitar

UBANGIS #5, 2000 to present
Steve Blickenstaff percussion and theremin
Brian D. Horrorwitz drums & vocals
Nasty Nancy bass guitar
'Saucy' Randy Manos 'The Hands Of Death' lead guitar

Also a few guests we've had join us are *Kim Kane* on rhythm guitar and bongos, and *Carl Merson* on backup vocals.

Dr. STANISLAW STAMEN
©2000 BRUNO D. NADALIN
I... I don't know quite how to say this, doctor, but I... I feel like I'm being watched! I think I may be suffering from...
PARANOIA!
Please allow me to make the diagnosis, hmm? continue...
Sorry, doctor... It's a funny feeling I can't quite put my finger on... It's a general sense of unease, like somebody's out to get me... I know this probably sounds crazy...
"CRAZY"? HARDLY! In fact, all the pieces fit together! Your case appears to be yet another in a long line of CIA-sponsored PSYCHOTERRORISM!
WHAT - WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?
COME NOW! OPEN YOUR EYES! These feelings you've spoken of - the unease, the anxiety, the suspicion! - clearly you're awakening from your programming & coming to see the truth: YOU'VE BEEN THE UNWITTING VICTIM OF A MOST NEFARIOUS FORM OF MIND CONTROL! What fools we were to believe they'd stopped with MK-ULTRA!
"MK" WHAT?
UGH! MK-ULTRA! PROJECT MK-ULTRA, DAMMIT! The agency's original attempt to enslave the human psyche! And now we see it continues to this day! OH LORD! THE MADNESS!!!
DAMN THEM! DAMN THEM AND THE HAVOC THEY WREAK ON THE HUMAN MIND!
BUT WE CAN FIGHT THEM! YES! TOGETHER WE CAN FREE YOU FROM THEIR GRASP AND QUASH THEIR EVIL PLANS!!!
BUT WAIT! =GASP!= PERHAPS I'VE SPOKEN TOO SOON! YOU - YOU COULD BE ONE OF THEM!!! Not their victim, but their agent! You could be coming to me for "help" just to find out what I know and report back to your superiors!
NO! I - I DON'T EVEN KNOW WHAT YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT!

LIAR! ABANDON YOUR RUSE! YOU'LL HAVE TO KILL ME!!! GO AHEAD! INJECT ME WITH THE UNTRACEABLE POISON THAT MAKES IT LOOK LIKE I DIED OF A HEART ATTACK! C'MON! KILL ME! I'LL NEVER HELP YOU, YOU EVIL MADMEN!
UNLESS-OH GOD, COULD IT BE!?-UNLESS I ALREADY AM HELPING YOU! What if all along I've been your unwitting accomplice?! A "sleeper", fed a line of disinformation, kept busy fighting phantoms so that you can conduct the real work while I'm occuppied!!!
YOU'D BETTER GET OUT OF HERE! I-I DON'T KNOW IF YOU CAN TRUST ME!!!
QUICKLY! GET OUT OF HERE!!! THEY'RE PROBABLY WATCHING US RIGHT NOW!!!
SHOULD I COME BACK NEXT WEEK, OR—
SHOVE!
NO! FOR GOD'S SAKE, DO NOTHING UNTIL I CONTACT YOU! NOW GO! HURRY!
THAT'S IT... KEEP WALKING... NO! NO! DON'T TURN AROUND!
DR. STAMEN, YOUR TWO O'CLOCK IS HERE!
WHA?
OH! UH! YES... THANK YOU, MS. HIGGINS! PLEASE SEND HIM IN!
CALM DOWN, STANLEY! NOBODY KNOWS ANYTHING... YET! THERE'S TIME TO SORT THIS OUT AND COVER YOUR TRACKS!
JUST TAKE YOUR NEXT PATIENT LIKE NOTHING'S WRONG!
"KNOCK KNOCK"
YES, PLEASE COME IN!
I DID IT, DR. STAMEN!!! I WALKED ON WATER!
I TOLD YOU YOU'RE THE MESSIAH!!! DIDN'T I TELL YOU!?!!

-THE END-

the WU-TANG PHYSICAL CULTURE ASSOCIATION

7 1/2 SECOND AVENUE, 3RD FLOOR, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10003

www.wutangpca.com 212-533-1751

Pa Kua Chang

Wu Style Tai Chi Chuan

Chi Kung

The Fighting for Health System

Taoist Meditation

Yang Style Tai Chi Chuan

Hsing I Chuan

WU-TANG PHYSICAL CULTURE ASSOCIATION

7 1/2 **Second Avenue**

between Houston and 1st Streets.

Take the F Train to the Second Avenue Stop.

Phone from corner for admittance.

533-1751

CLASS PRICES:

$15– individual

Block of 5 classes $55.00 Block of 10 classes $80.00

Sifu Allen is available for private lessons at $70. an hour

Sunday

1:00 pm Wu Style Tai Chi Chuan
2:00 pm Pa Kua Chang
3:00 pm 5 Elements of Hsing I Chuan
4:00 pm The Fighting for Health System

Monday

7:00 pm Wu & Yang Styles of Tai Chi Chuan
8:00 pm Pa Kua Chang

Tuesday

12:00 pm Pa Kua Chang
1:00 pm Wu Style Tai Chi Chuan
7:00 pm Chi Kung
taught by Terri Ferrari

Thursday

6:30 pm Chi Kung
7:30 pm Taoist Meditation
8:30 pm Hsing I Chuan & Pa Kua Chang

2001 & 2002 WORKSHOPS @
THE WU-TANG PCA

November 16, 17, 18, 2001
IN FRANKFURT GERMANY
The Basics of Pa Kua Chang and the Fundamentals of Hsing I Chuan. E-mail Sifu J-Me Dibdin at: *barbieBBDingding@gmx.co.uk* for info

January 19 & 20, 2002
The Fundamentals of Pa Kua Chang & Hsing I Chuan
A comparison of the two arts

March 2 & 3, 2002
Taoist Meditation within Tai Chi Chuan
for all Wu and Yang forms

May 4 & 5, 2002
Internal Fighting - Pa Kua, Tai Chi, Hsing I, and Free Fighting

June 22 & 23, 2002
The Fundamentals of Internal Movement -
Opening the Energy Gates of Your Body Chi Kung
and how it applies to Pa Kua and Tai Chi

July/August 2002
Two 5 Day Intensive Retreats in the Catskill Mountains for Healing Tao USA University
The 16 Movement Wu Style Tai Chi Form and
The Foundations of Pa Kua Chang
Info at *www.HealingDao.com* or 1-888-999-0555

September 21 & 22, 2002
Internal Psychic and Physical Self Defence

November 9 & 10, 2002
The Snakes of Pa Kua Chang:
The White Snake Vomits Words and The Giant Anaconda Coils Upon Itself Palm Changes from the Pa Kua of Liu Hung Chieh and the Snake Techniques from the Combined Form of Chiang Jung Chiao

Email baguarat@aol.com for info on more upcoming workshops

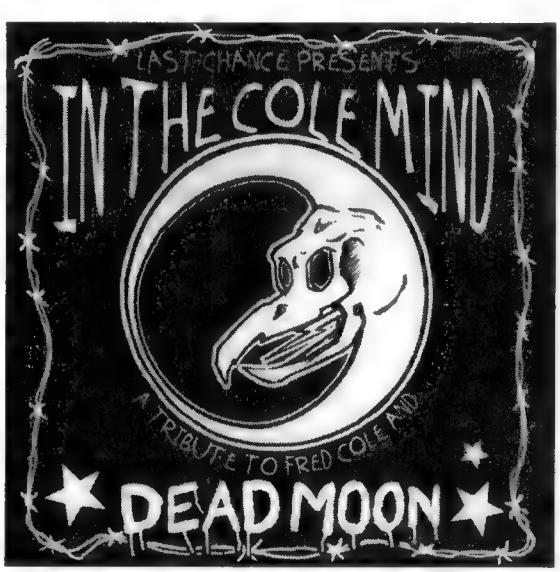
Various
Sopranos
(Sony)

So c'mon, you've got the financial backing of the world's largest entertainment conglomerate in Time/Warner hooking up with Sony you should be able to spit out, at the very very least, a semi-decent comp. That goes without saying. Even though we're saying it. What becomes the question therefore is whether the apparatchik who threw this thing together knew what he or she was doing. That is, do they know how to program, know how to establish a groove. Answer: anybody following Suicide with Vivaldi is pretty damn cool but no way L'il Steven's gonna pick Ben E. King's take on "I Who Have Nothing" over Tom Jones! Or put Elvis Costello's "High Fidelity" over "King Horse." A pretty impressive set nevertheless. Something old, something borrowed and some nice blues. Outside of New York, slapping this into the disc player sometime during the first or second date will almost certainly wind up getting you laid.

Dom Salemi

Various > Dead Moon:
A Tribute To Fred Cole

We here at Casa Brutarian, who pride ourselves on being the last word in hip, know very little about Senior Cole. Except for the fact that he was in a 60s psychedelic band called the Lollipop Shoppe. Which had a cut on the garage anthology, Nuggets, called, "You Must Be A Witch." Except also for the fact that Cole moved to Portland continued to record, refused to release anything other than on vinyl and almost never toured the East Coast. Except also also for the fact that he writes great garage style and morbid-touching-on-Gothic style songs which he ruins by singing in a shriek that sounds like nothing so much as the lead singer in AC/DC (either one) throwing up. (Sometimes Fred lets his wife Toody sing which we don't quite understand as she sounds like him.) Or Roky Erikson in the midst of a grand mal seizure. But the guy, as we said, writes great songs. Great songs with lyrics that dive in deep seas and keep the fallen day about them. A stroke of luck, or genius then, for the novice and for those like we fortunate few, we band of brothers who know everything, that we have been given this tribute consisting of bands with vocalists who possess the ability to give voice to song. Or, unlike this Cole person, try to. The performances are, for the most part, remarkable, full of fire and passion and unerring precision. To listen, is to have the heart kissed and for it to be left charred.



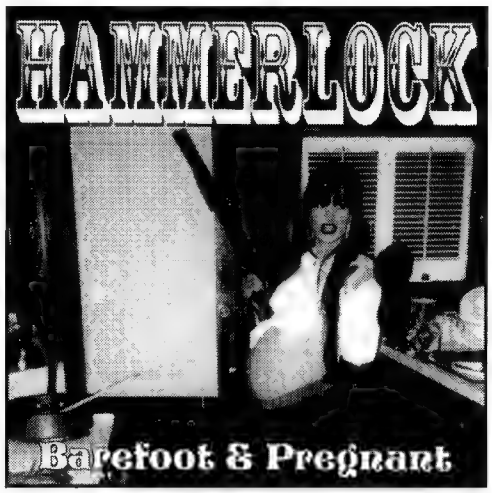
Dom Salemi

Rocket From The Crypt
Group Sounds
(TVT/Vagrant)
The Sultans
Ghost Ship
(Sympathy For The Record Industry)

For the past 10-11 years, San Diego's Rocket From The Crypt (RFTC) has been walking a tightrope between hardcore punk and melodic power pop music. Their past couple of LP's, Scream Dracula Scream (1995) and RFTC (1998) seemed to be driving their music more toward the latter (pop music) than the former.....more sophistication perhaps, with their increasing use of horns leading the way (and RFTC is probably the only R&R band that doesn't use horns in the cliched Stax/Volt soul riffing manner - in some cases, it's hard to distinguish them from the guitars). Their latest CD, Group Sounds actually takes a big (and welcome)step backwards - the songs are fastest, ruder, and noisier, although not less melodic, and the band sounds leaner and meaner. I've read so many record reviews over the years where references are made to how various 3 (or 2) piece bands get such a full sound - in this case, you'd never guess that RFTC is a sextet on this CD. With this release, the chain stores can once again file their RFTC stock under "Punk", not "Rock/Pop". Even better than "Group Sounds" is the new release by RFTC leader John "Speedo" Reis' latest side project, The Sultans, a 3 piecer that also includes Rocket's drummer. Ghost Ship clocks in at about 22 minutes, for 13 songs, which are even faster and nastier - basically an even more stripped down RFTC, recorded in a very lo-fi manner that so many of us R&R fanatics love and cherish. Buy both of these gems!

John Oliver

Hammerlock
Barefoot & Pregnant



(Steel Cage Records)

Cow-punk with artful flavorings of metal. Simmered in Jack Daniels so's it comes out tasting just the way you like it: greasy, trashy and paralyzingly fulsome. Damn loud, too, with this hoarse, bourbon-soaked good-ole boy doing the singing. Man, he's all man and a yard wide. The kind that rides hard and, and well, never puts up wet. Just too damned manly; although that purty gal of his hacking away at the bass and supplying background vocals looks and sounds like she wouldn't put up with that kind of shenanigans. The kind that keeps him from just screaming the lyrics. Which he does try and do sometimes. Still, don't go getting the idea that because a girl gets to crack the rhythmic whip that there's anything tender about this here music. No it's pedal-to-the-metal, take-no-shit stuff. About the important things in life. That's right: whiskey, women and whup-ass. God bless America and pass the ammo, motherfucker!

Dom Salemi

Michael Nesmith
Magnetic South/Loose Salute
(Camden German Import)
Michael Nesmith
Nevada Fighter/Tantamount to Treason
(Camden)
Michael Nesmith
And the Hits Just Keep On Comin'/Pretty Much Your Standard Ranch Stash
(Canmden)
Various Artists
Papa Nez: A Loose Salute to the Work of Michael Nesmith
(Dren Records)

In a recent issue of Discoveries, there were several articles on the history of "country rock", that genre of cross pollination that's generally credited to Gram Parsons, the Byrds, and Dylan. The author of one of the articles (whose name escapes me) makes a strong case that one of the most overlooked artists of this genre and time frame (late 60's/early 70's) was former Monkee (and inventor of rock videos) Mike Nesmith, who put out 6 excellent LP's featuring his first-rate songwriting and great country picking and playing (notably from steel guitar legend Red Rhodes). Unfortunately, none of these LP's had been available on CD for years...until very recently, when a German company (Camden) released all 6 as 3 two-LP's-on-one-CD sets at very reasonable prices (I think I paid less than $15 for each of these 3 CD's). The Discoveries author is quite correct - Nesmith, who obviously wasn't taken particularly seriously in his heyday due to his being a former Monkee, indeed, put out a very impressive body of solo work, clearly equal in quality to the Flying Burritos, Poco, etc. If anything, Nesmith probably wrote better songs ("Different Drum",

"Some of Shelley's Blues", "Joanne", "Silver Moon", "Propinquity", "Roll With the Flow", and so on) than the likes of Gram Parsons, and, while he wasn't the best singer in this genre, he had one of the very best bands (the First National Band, featured on the first 3 of these LP's), and his covers of well-known country standards ("I Fall To Pieces", "She Thinks I Still Care", etc.) are top-shelf versions. Of the three sets available, my favorite is his first 2 LP's (Magnetic South/Loose Salute followed by Nevada...../Tanta mount....., but all three are worth purchasing. I also have several of Nesmith's later solo LP's, but I much prefer this earlier C&W flavored stuff. In addition to the recent availability of Nesmith's early works on CD, a tribute CD has also recently been released on Dren Records. Songs from Nez's Monkee days, C&W solo stuff, and later years are all covered by a variety of, for the most part, unknown artists....I've heard of Last Train Home because they're from DC, and John Jorgensen is from the Desert Rose Band (former Byrd Chris Hillman's former C&W band....now Hillman's another major talent who was the equal of Gram P. in the "Founding Fathers of Country Rock" category...but that's another story) and Elton John's band, but I don't know the rest of these bands. If you had never heard of Nesmith prior to this tribute CD, you'd be very impressed by his songwriting chops here. A bunch of excellent covers of mostly great songs. Hopefully, the avalanche of reissued and new recordings might kick start Mr. Nesmith into writing and performing once again, at some level other than the occasional Monkees' reunion (most of which Nesmith has had sense enough to avoid/skip).

John Oliver

Lunachicks
Babysitters on Acid

(Go-Kart)

A reissue of this comic-feminist band's first full length recording from 1990 is as abrasive and entertaining as you may or may not remember. What sounded like uncompromising thrash over a decade ago ten years or so later comes across today as inventive deconstruction of punk rock and heavy metal tropes. Some of it, as is the case with "Theme Song," betrays the sharp intelligence behind the sophomoric personnas and childishly offensive lyrics. Time also shows lead-singer Theo Kogan to be a parodist of uncommon skill; after listening to her muscle-headed vocalizing on "Octopussy" you'll understand why women fail to find bands like Motley Crue and Van Halen the least bit amusing.

Dom Salemi

Vitriol
I-VII
(Neurot)

Bassist Ben Green, techno-animal and grind core God gets contemplative and mystical so as to bestow upon on us seven ambient soundscapes. Utilizing - or so he says - only a basic eight track, a guitar plugged directly therein, and a couple of microphones to capture "pure sources of sound," Mr. Green has created a challenging work of strange beauty. Not unlike a dream set in a garden of mordantly colored flowers or a tableau vivant orchestrated by de Chirico. As one might expect, given the sparsity of instruments employed, the compositions are minimalist tone poems consisting primarily of subtly shifting tides of electronic sounds washing o'er one another. Melody and rhythm is subtly addressed but the real concerns here are the interplay of color, tone and texture as almost chance encounter.

Dom Salemi

Swell Maps
Sweep The Desert
(Bomp)

The Swell Maps were, at one time, 1977-80 to be exact, supposedly pretty durn swell. Although the combo only managed to release four singles and two lps within that period, each and every release hit the top spot on the UK independent charts. In the only land that matters, however, the U S of frigging A, the band got lost in the whole punk to new wave shift the record companies were laying on us. A pity, really, as this collection of odds and sods show the band had few betters in the realm of anarcho-pop. Loosely translated from the French that means "almost songs." You know, the kind of thing that happens when you're fiddling about in the studio with a few friends and decide that the last few minutes was rather good for all that. Which is not always good for the record buyer but what makes all of this so listenable even twenty years on is that band leader and chief composer, Nikki Sudden, always made sure he put something down to lure you in. A hook, a peg to hang all the serious-foolishness on. Like the sinuous and infectious bass line of "Big Empty Field." Or the hollow percussives of the willfully aimless techno-funk workout, "Big Max In The Country." Sudden's no dope; he keeps most of these things pretty short and when he wants to stretch out he

tweaks tone and texture just enough to keep things from getting repetitive.

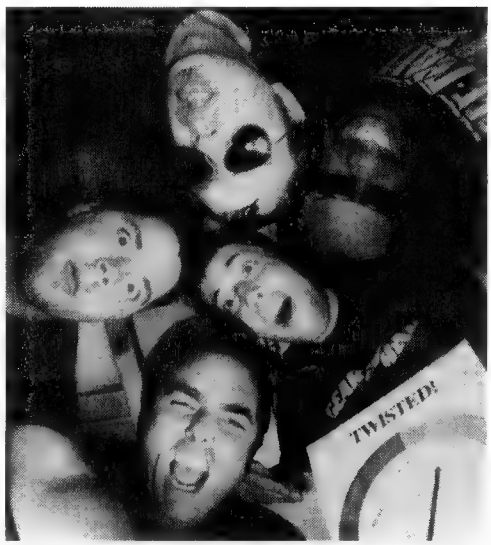
Dom Salemi

Flaming Sideburns
Hallelujah Rock & Roll
(Bad Afro Records)

This is technically the first full length by Finland's Flaming Sideburns, although Bad Afro released It's Time To Testify...Brothers & Sisters...!, a compilation of a 10 incher plus several 45's in '98, and there was a live European-only release in '97 (Bama Lama Boogaloo on Smokin' Troll), plus a very recent split EP with the Hellacopters. Much like many of their fellow Scandinavian bands (the aforementioned Hellacopters, Gluecifer, Hellride, Puffball, Peepshows, etc.), the Sideburns specialize in super high-energy rock & roll. Unlike most of the aforementioned, however, their sound harkens back more to the 60's than 70's, with their major influences being the Sonics/Wailers from the Pacific Northwest, with a lot of Little Richard, the MC5 and Detroit R&B thrown in for good measure. Surprisingly, given their penchant for covering songs in the past, they do all original material this time. Not surprisingly, their best originals are songs that sound like they might have come from an old Sonics or Wailers LP. While I don't care for the production on this LP that much (too clean sounding for my taste), and I would have preferred for them to throw in a Little Richard or Sonics cover or two, it's a fine debut release (as far as the U.S. goes) for this band. I'd recommend tracking down It's Time to Testify..... first; then buy this new one later.

John Oliver

Dirtbombs
Ultraglide in Black



(In the Red)

In my opinion, Mick Collins is a true Rock & Roll God, and, while he's put out tons of product over the years (Gories, Blacktop, King Sound Quartet, Screws, Dirtbombs, plus his various work as a producer), it never seems like enough to me. Needless to say, I'm a happy little camper with these two In The Red releases coming out simultaneously - plus the fact that both of them are excellent. The Dirtbombs' latest is mostly covers of lesser-known tunes from various soul legends (Sly Stone, Curtis Mayfield, Smokey Robinson & Miracles, Parliament, Stevie Wonder, Marvin Gaye, Barry White, etc.), done up Mick Collins style. The Dirtbombs' current lineup (probably its 12th or 13th by this point) is Mick on guitar & vocals, 2 bassists, and 2 drummers...which leads to a very interesting bottom-heavy sound. Mick's always-great singing seems to improve with age and experience. The most surprising thing is the 180 degree difference in this new CD versus the band's thrashier/punkier/harder core '98 debutalbum, Horndog Fest, perhaps Collins' most primitive work since The Gories. Much more polished sounding now.....but not so polished that they won't insert Mick's original "Your Love Belongs Under a Rock" right in the middle of these classic soul songs!

John Oliver

Jeff Beck
You Had It Coming
(Sony/Epic)

First, the good news - Beck's prodigious creative talent and mind-fuck chops arsenal are both fully intact here. In addition, his collaboration with Guitar Goddess Jennifer Batten appears to have kept Jeff's interest piqued long enough to put out what, 2 albums in 3 years now (in lieu of his usual album-every-5-to-7 years rate)? Now the not-so-good news - He still can't write a goddamn song to save his ass! Much like his last 2 efforts, Guitar Shop and Who Else?, his latest effort here is basically a bunch of rhythm tracks that serve no purpose other than to allow him to create his usual wide variety of jaw-dropping guitar pyrotechnics and riffs. Are they songs, though? Now don't get me wrong - I'd rather listen to Jeff Beck doodle around all day on guitar in this manner than listen to practically any other guitarist on Earth, as I consider him the very best....but I'd much rather hear him play a few songs or back a great singer, or...even cover Gene Vincent songs (what a great idea!)....you get the picture!

John Oliver

The King Brothers
The King Brothers
(In The Red)

The King Brothers
(Untitled)
(Toshiba - Japanese Import)

Word on the street for the past year or so has been that the King Brothers from Japan are the best live band on Earth...and I've been told the same by several personal friends (all of whom have extremely good taste in music....meaning they like what I do!). Until these two recent releases (2 completely different LP's/CD's , one

released in the U.S., one in Japan), the only recorded output we've had from this band (at least in the USA) was their '99 release on Bulb Records, also called The King Brothers, a raucous lo-fi jumble of noise and screamed vocals that were disguising some decent songs and performances, but nothing justifying the kind of hype accompanying the live shows. The In The Red web site describes their sound as "the Germs backing Howlin' Wolf with his hand caught in a garbage disposal"...strong words indeed!. So how are the new releases? For one thing, their sound has been toned down a tad from the Bulb LP...which really isn't saying all that much....still very intense, high energy....it's rock & roll with a blues tinge to it, with actually recognizable song structures this time. The vocals are actually sung, as opposed to yelled /screamed, as on the Bulb release. Of the two new CD's, the In The Red U.S. release is a bit rawer, with faster songs. The new Japanese CD on Toshiba (their major label debut in their own country) is about 20 minutes longer, with quite a few 7-8 minute songs that almost have a hypnotic quality to them. If there's a parallel or point of reference I could refer to, I'm not sure what it is.....maybe a cross between Guitar Wolf at their wildest and some other crazy-ass band I have yet to hear. These guys are definitely originals, and I'm really looking forward to seeing them live - that much I do know!

John Oliver

The Travoltas

Teenbeat

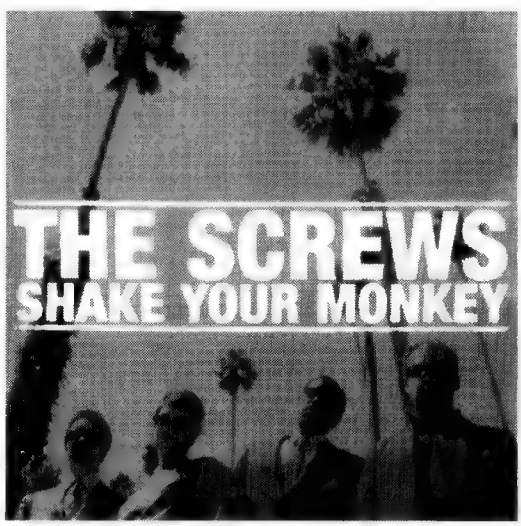
(Coldfront)

Gorgeous pop with angelic harmonies walking far afield from precious. Not at all Beatlesque. Or Beach Boyesque for that matter. Comparisons to The Shoes will inevitably arise thanks to the massed guitar sound and a few chord progressions but these Norwegians are not even close to being as portentiously dramatic. The lyrics are playful and disingenuous, more about wishin' and hopin' than asking whether their all too solid flesh would melt and the liberal use of Vox and synth seasons the more somber compositions with a delightfully cheesy flavor. Cuts like "Do The Gal-I-Gator" show too that heavenly popsters can rock the house without compromising on the opulence while "Pacific Cost Highway" proves that opulence and gently parody can comfortably co-exist.

Dom Salemi

Screws

Shake Your Monkey



(In The Red)

The Screws feature Mick and Terri Wahl (former Red Aunt) on vocals. As in the case of their debut LP, 12 New Hate Filled Classics, they give us more primitive R&B and blues, with a lot more emphasis on the latter this time. The best way I could describe this band? - an urban version of the primitive Fat Possum artists in Mississippi. I don't care for Wahl's singing (and didn't in the Red Aunts, either), but she probably wouldn't like mine. Two great bands, two great releases.

John Oliver

Intimate Fags

Intimate Fags

(Rip Off Records)

Another loud, obnoxious, fast-playing punk band on the Rip Off label, this one from Japan and with a most politically incorrect name, no less. Well, you at least pretty much always know what you're getting into when you buy anything on this label, and the Intimate Fags' debut LP is no exception. It's good, loud, fast punk rock....and it's also absolutely nothing special at all. The one common denominator I've noticed on most of the better Rip Off releases is I generally find that at least 2 or 3 very catchy songs lodge themselves in my mind almost immediately. It didn't happen this time - there just isn't anything all that memorable, songwise, on this LP. I'm sure these guys probably put on great live shows....but this CD just doesn't do it for me. Not one of Rip Off's better releases.

John Oliver

Various Artists Alpha Motherfuckers

A Tribute to Turbonegro

(Hopeless)

The great Norwegian death-punk band Turbonegro sadly disbanded in late 1998 before ever really making much of an impression in this country....except to those who witnessed their live shows, which featured such things as the singer sticking a Roman candle up his ass and lighting it (thankfully, NOT the business end up his ass!) to shoot it out in the crowd. Their songs generally dealt with themes such as killing, maiming, drugs, deviant sex of all sorts, denim, leather, pizza, etc., and the band came across as kind of a punk rock Village People....but they rocked like Hell and in their wake, they inspired tribute/cover bands with names like the Assless Chaps from Arizona and Denim Demons (from Oregon, I

think). I understand the producers of this tribute CD have enough leftover cover versions to put out an Alpha Motherfuckers Volume 2....and some high rollers in the world of punkdom sent in songs for this first volume including Nashville Pussy (opening act on Turbonegro's last US tour here, they cover the ode to a pizza parlor, "Age of Pamparius"), the Supersuckers ("Get It On"), Zeke (a killer take of "Midnight NAMBLA", the Peepshows ("Just Flesh"), and Puffball ("Zonked Out on Hashish"), to name four such bands. Generally, most of the high voltage covers are pretty faithful to the originals.....as they should be. There are also a lot of unknown European bands here (unknown to me at least) who acquit themselves nicely. All in all, an excellent tribute LP/CD.

John Oliver

R. L. Burnside

Mississippi Hill Country Blues

(Fat Possum)

"Whiskey and women is all I need," Burnside keens at one point midway thru this rerelease of songs originally recorded in the early 80s and normally, you being the white edumecated boy that you is, you'd nod your head sagely in agreement. Well, you'll be nodding your head all right, but it will be from side to side, not up and down. That's because you don't believe him. That's because he sounds too nice. That's because you'll be listening to a musician paying his respects to form rather than ripping it a new posterior opening as he does on every other thing you've ever heard by him. It's tasteful, it's acoustic, it's got some mighty fine pickin' by R.L., but it screams blues hommage not blues damage. And the latter is what R.L. practically invented.

Dom Salemi

The Business

No Mercy For You

(Epitaph)

They've been going at it for 20-some years now, and they're all in their 40's, but The Business, for my money, is still the creme de la creme of the old-time punk/oi English bands. What we have here are more catchy songs about drinking, getting arrested, football (soccer), crooked politicians, beating up or robbing people, etc., delivered in their inimitable style, complete with the great singalong football cheer choruses. If you like any of their recorded output, you'll like this one as well. Great music to butt heads to.

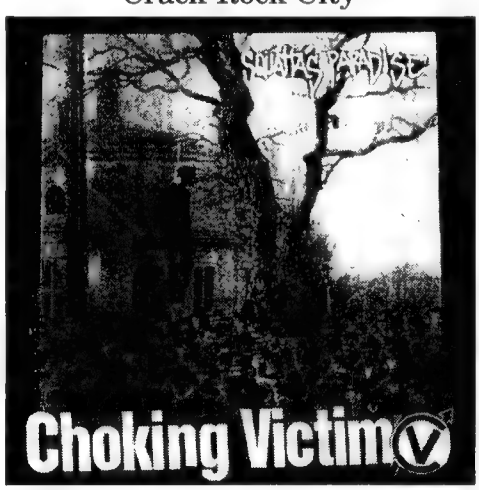
John Oliver

Chocolate Watchband
At The Love-In Live-In Person at Cave Stomp

I was fortunate enough to be at the Café Du Nord in San Francisco the night of August 1, 2001, for the first night of Bay Pop 2001, to witness a reunion show by San Jose's own Chocolate Watchband (in addition to all-acoustic sets by Cyril Jordan of the Flamin Groovies and Mike Wilhelm of Charlatans/Loose Gravel/Flamin Groovies fame....in the BRUTARIAN # 31 interview with ex-Groovie Roy Loney, he mentions that Cyril's the missing link in the long-awaited FG reunion, as he hates playing on stage anymore.....Cyril Baby, didn't you hear that crowd? We loved you!!! Come back and reform the band NOW, dammit!!!...but I digress...). Anyhow...as I'd spent the better part of the day riding in uncomfortable airplanes and toting luggage around airports, on top of recent kidney stone nonsense, I felt compelled to start drinking the instant I hit the Café, which I did, combined with various prescription medications that should not be mixed with alkyhol. To make a long story short, I was pretty blitzed for both the Jordan/Wilhelm and CWB sets.....but from what I could remember, the Chocolate Watchband sounded great - it was just like '66 again, psychedelic Stones-influenced R&B garage music. Dave Aguilar, while looking somewhat like Huey Lewis nowadays (I think it's his hair), still does the great Jagger-istic vocalizing and tambourine-beating. The band was advertised that night as "the five original members" (although the guitarist with the double-necked Dano looked a little too young to my admittedly bloodshot eyes), and they played all of their best known songs that night - including "No Way Out", "Are You Gonna Be There (At the Love-In)?", "Misty Lane", "She Weaves A Tender Trap", "Let's Talk About Girls" (or so I heard - as my back gave out 3/4 of the way thru their set, and I had to split before hearing that one), plus their punkified covers ("I'm Not Like Everybody Else","It's All Over Now, Baby Blue"). All in all, a fairly good night - great music but physical problems. (NOTE: At least, I finally got to meet Connie & Bob Mosley (Moby Grape) face to face - they were there to see the CWB). If you weren't there, this live set from Cave Stomp '99 in NYC is probably the next best thing. While not exactly the same lineup in '99 as that which played on 8/1/01, they also sound great on this CD. Highly recommended.

John Oliver

Choking Victim
Crack Rock City



(Tent City)

Sweet Jesus in the morning! Isn't ska, yes that's right S-K-A, supposed to be jaunty and shit? So what's up with the Afro-American lynch victim on the cover? Not to mention the first two smart, snappy, high energy ska, yes that's right S-K-A, excursions into subjects not normally the subject of such bouncy, happy music: choking to death and the sham which is U.S. foreign aid. Can you dig the inversion of form? I said, CAN YOU DIG IT? . . . I knew that you could. The other cuts are old school California punk reinvigorated as all of this is by a lead singer who claims (claimed) to enjoy crack. Hey, sometimes you've got to go the extra mile for art. "We have no rights/We have no future/No reasons why/Just born to die." Amen, my brother, and pass the glass pipe.

Dom Salemi

Trailer Bride
High Seas
(Bloodshot)

Someone throw Melissa Swingle, lead singer and chief songwriter of this hillbilly noir outfit some lovin'. Some hard lovin', as half these here songs just runneth over with sexual frustration. So much so that by the near end of this disc lovely lithe Melissa in "All Thine" is begging her imaginary lover to twist her private parts into unrecognizable shapes if it will keep him coming back for more. We're aware that this kind of thing might not sit to well with the women in our audience. However, Ms. Swingle serves it up with such sly desperation and in such an achy breaky quaver that only someone with a heart of stone would fail to be utterly charmed. That unearthly voice helps bring full body too to southern Gothic ballads like "The Ghost of May West" and bluegrass-tinged dance-dittys like "Jesco." For most, High Seas might take some getting used to but give it a few spins and let the quirky melodies and sephulchral sounds - theremin-flavored guitar figures, aeruginous plucked banjo leads, macabre bowed wood-saw arabesques -work their way through your system like a bracing shot of twelve year old bourbon.

Dom Salemi

Gammera
Smoke And Mirrors
(Audio Demolition)

Don't let the mainstream magazines fool you into thinking that today's heavy metal retro rock is best represented by bands like Lords of Acid and Monster Magnet. Those guys have toned it down, slicked it up and laid it back for mass consumption. It ain't bad but if you want something that puts a heavy stone groove on your ass then strap on and blast off with Gammera. That's right, named after the bigger and bettter version of Godzilla! (Come to think of it the singer here sounds kind of like a giant fire-breathing lizard. That or a

guy with a six-pack-a-day smoking habit.) Sludgy-bludgy guitar riffs played over and over and over until you're screaming "mercy" but "mercy" as in praise Allah or Jesus or Buddha or whomever you think is pulling the strings. While your at the height of your screams, you'll find the riff sometimes slowly metastasizing into something even more mind bending. That's heavy as it gets, man.

Lest you think this lumbers at the same speed throughout, fear not tempos vary, sometimes within the same cut. Regardless, Smoke And Mirrors rocks like God's own pendulous penis. And OH! those timeless psychedelic-blues solos! So tart, so tangy, you just want to grab your speakers, tilt them over your open mouth and pour that aural liquid gold down your throat. It's that tasty.

Dom Salemi

Mack Stevens

Let's Rock Tonight!

(Rolling Rock)

Mack Stevens is still definitely the craziest (if not the best) rockabilly out there. He ended his Viva Las Vegas 2000 show by setting his hair on fire.....and as there's no telling exactly what he's using to grease back his hair with nowadays, he could have been gambling with the lives of his audience! "Let's Rock Tonight!" is his 4th LP on Ronny Weiser's Rolling Rock label, and it's up to Mack's usual standards - rockers, ballads, and weirdness....the strangest song this time being "I Won't See", a tale of a jilted lover who's going to blow out his brains with a .38 at the teenage dance party to show his girlfriend. Not as frightening as some of Mack's earlier songs (and I'm thinking of "Headless Darling", where a just-released convict finds a headless corpse to love, and another classic tune of his where he kills his faithless girlfriend by sticking her head in the deep fryer at the Dairy Queen, only to be shotgunned by the restaurant's manager....the name of that one eludes me!), but at least he still has a great sense of humor.

John Oliver

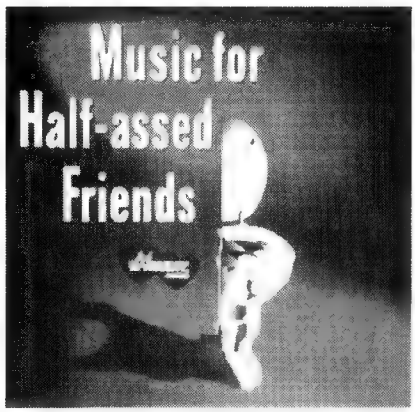
Thee Michelle Gun Elephant

Rodeo Tandem Beat Specter

(Colum. Japanese Import)

I know, I just reviewed 3 albums by these guys last issue....but here's yet another new release, one which was promised to reflect a "new musical direction" by these wild men, according to an early 2001 interview I read somewhere. Sure enough, the new CD's cover is a photo of their singer standing on a beach, contemplating the flight of seagulls - this didn't bode particularly well, at least not to me. The opening cut, "Citroen No Kodoku", while laying down one of TMGE's time-honored frantic bass/guitar/drums grooves, appears to feature singer Chiba Yusuke talking his way through the lyrics, perhaps almost reciting poetry. Shit, has the band turned into the fucking Moody Blues or U2??? I'm happy to report Nope! False start! If anything, they've turned up the R&R energy level for the rest of this, perhaps their best LP. As a bonus, it includes their last two great singles, "Baby Stardust" and "Abakareta Sekai". Mick Green & The Pirates/Dr. Feelgood/early Who and Kinks in overdrive.....as I stated last issue, one of the best R&R bands on Earth. Buy this damn CD (if you can find it)!!!

John Oliver



INDEPENDENT?

WOULD YOUR BAND LIKE THE *VENEER* OF RESPECTABILITY THAT ONLY A *BRUTARIAN REVIEW* CAN PROVIDE? SUBMIT YOUR CD (AND BIO) TO: BRUTARIAN ATTN: AUDIO DEPRIVATION P.O.BOX 210 ACCOKEEK MD 20607 WHO KNOWS? IF WE LIKE IT YOUR BAND MAY FIND THEMSELVES IN THESE VERY PAGES.

THE COMICS JOURNAL

SPECIAL EDITION WINTER 2002

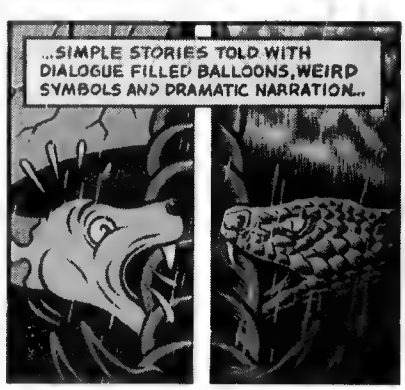
Announcing the first of a series of semiannual coffeetable editions of the most respected magazine about comics in the business. Expect the usual dose of interviews and criticism, but for the first time *TCJ* will also feature lengthy, **FULL-COLOR** sections of new and classic comics as well, in a much larger and more colorful format.

IT'S NOT JUST A MAGAZINE ABOUT COMICS ANYMORE.

Now it's a coffee-table anthology of great comics, as well.

This *TCJ* special includes a selection of **ALL-NEW** comics about the art and profession of cartooning, by today's greatest cartoonists, including:

ROBERT **CRUMB** • CHARLES **BURNS** • JAIME **HERNANDEZ**
JOE **SACCO** • DAVE **COOPER** • LINDA **MEDLEY** • BILL **GRIFFITH**
LEWIS **TRONDHEIM** • JUSTIN **GREEN** • MARY **FLEENER**
GILBERT **HERNANDEZ** • JESSICA **ABEL** • PHOEBE **GLOECKNER**
RICHARD **SALA** • CAROL **TYLER** • JORDAN **CRANE** • TONY **MILLIONAIRE**
ART **SPIEGELMAN** • **SETH** • JIM **WOODRING** • STAN **SAKAI**
PETER **BAGGE** • SAM **HENDERSON** • RON **REGE JR.** and more!

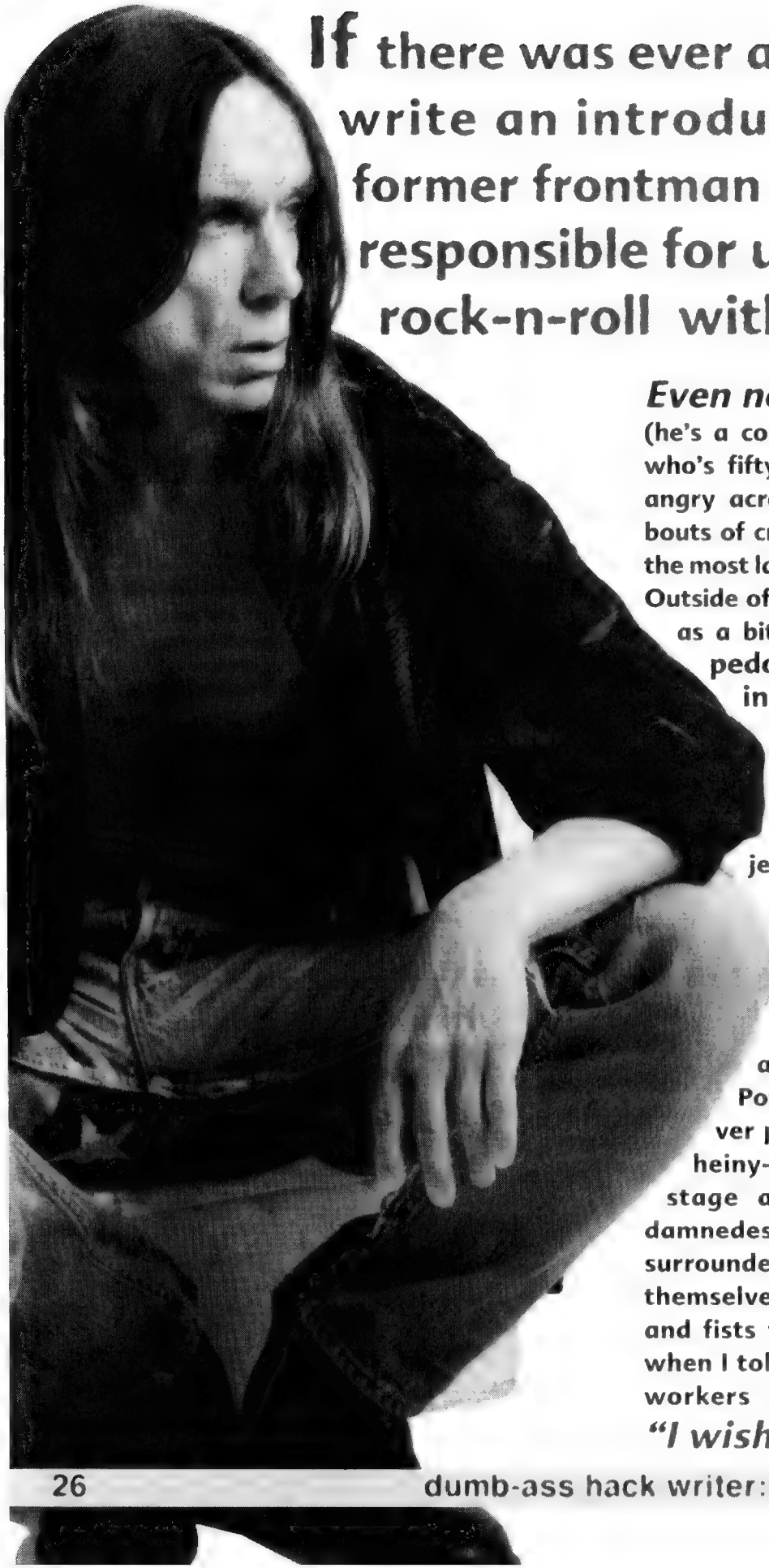


ALSO FEATURING:

- A new cover by and featured interview with **JOE SACCO**
- **JIM WOODRING** on **T.S. SULLIVANT**, including a selection of Sullivant's art
- **DONALD PHELPS** on the classic **SMOKEY STOVER** with a **FULL-COLOR** section of **SMOKEY STOVER** Sundays
- An exclusive excerpt from **GREG SADOWSKI**'s upcoming biography of EC great **BERNIE KRIGSTEIN**
- **PAUL GRAVETT** on **AL COLUMBIA**

THE COMICS JOURNAL SPECIAL EDITION - WINTER 2002

Available this December in bookstore everywhere • full-color and b&w • 12" x 12" • Square-bound Trade Paperback • $19.95



If there was ever anyone who did not write an introduction for him, it's former frontman of the seminal '70s responsible for ushering in an era rock-n-roll with his music, stage

Even now, **in his advanced years (he's a couple of years younger than my dad, who's fifty-three), his stage shows are full of angry acrobatics, stage dives, and prolonged bouts of crowd surfing guaranteed to give even the most laid-back of club bouncers an embolism. Outside of music, Iggy's also getting recognition as a bit star in the movies, from playing a pedophile in Tank Girl (95'), a hustler in The Color of Money(96'), and as the voice of a newborn baby in 1998's *Rugrats: The Movie*. While I don't feel qualified to conjecture on Who Is Iggy Pop, I do have a good story about him. Last time he was in Minneapolis, a good chunk of the postal workers I know took the night off to see him play. During the last encore, Iggy-looking much as he did 30 years ago on the Raw Power LP, even wearing skin-tight silver pants and platinum hair down to his heiny-invited the crowd to come up on stage and dance with him. It was the damnedest thing. Iggy Pop dancing on stage, surrounded by malcontent mailmen working themselves into a literal frenzy, arms flailing and fists waving. *"That's so cool,"* said Iggy when I told him about his biggest fans. Postal workers going postal right behind me. *"I wish I'd known."***

need some dumb - ass hack writer like myself to James Jewel Osterberg, a.k.a. *Iggy Pop,* garage punk band the Stooges and largely of *raw sexual violence* and full-throttle shows, and personae in general.

Brutarian: I'm sure you get asked this all the time, but how did you get the name Iggy Pop?

Iggy Pop: Okay. I had a band called The Iguanas in high school, and then after school I worked in a record store. When the manager of the store wanted to humiliate me, he'd call me 'Iggy.' It was really embarrassing. Anyway, the name stuck, and I couldn't get rid of it. So that's where 'Iggy' came from. Then, there used to be a guy named Popp who hung around the Student Union a lot- didn't go to class, he just sniffed glue and laid there in a coma at one of the coffee tables all day and I thought, what a fucking cool name, 'Pop,' you know? I thought that one up myself, basically. So, there you have it. A little bit of serendipity and a little bit of, well, something.

Brutarian: I understand you grew up in a motor home park? Did growing up in such a confined space profoundly affect your outlook on life?

Iggy Pop: You know, maybe in the sense that I was also an only child and had what they would call in the fifties 'very conscientious parents,' and so I got all the benefits and drawbacks of that sort of thing. Basically, I got a hell of a lot of attention and care and support when I wanted to do something like, you know, learn to play the drums or be on the debate team after school, stuff like that. I got a lot of parental care. But on the other hand, I was an extremely sheltered kid, probably overdisciplined, and didn't have a lot of privacy. So when I became 18, I basically went fucking crazy. (laughs). I grew my hair as long as possible, dyed it platinum and ran around the world in circles beating on drums and proclaiming the glory of my existence.

Brutarian: Did growing up in a place with low ceilings and little space affect how you've chosen your living spaces as an adult?

Iggy Pop: Yes, as a matter of fact, it has. I favor high ceilings. But I don't

necessarily favor the large spaces. In fact, I have a taste for smaller ones. I think one of the most beautiful things about love is that when you feel it, when you feel love for somebody, you're real comfortable together in a small room, you know what I'm talking about? Yeah. The room I'm talking to you now is a room over the garage in my house, and it's one of the smaller rooms in the house. I keep it dirty, and full of all my Iggy Pop stuff, because stuff about Iggy should be dirty, and in a small, badly-lit space. So, you know, I guess it's kind of like your classic well, that's life. Any situation has its aspects that border on twisted and abusive and then on the other hand have their positive side.

Brutarian: So how did you survive your teen years and early twenties, when so many people around you didn't?

Iggy Pop: You know, some people tell me I'm strong. And then I've thought, Maybe God had a plan for me. Or maybe there is no God, or maybe God is a giant roach in the sky that is actually controlling what we think and runs the Universe, and this roach has a plan for me, just keeps deciding, 'It's not time to kill off Iggy Pop yet.' It's incredible. It's really incredible, and I still do things like I did something last night, where I could have gotten killed. It was just innocuous. I was arguing about something while driving, and didn't pay attention to the traffic patterns, and I crossed the street and nearly got broadsided. I was in the wrong, totally. I pulled out into an intersection against traffic, but again, it didn't happen. I don't know. Maybe I'll die tomorrow. Who knows?

Brutarian: So do you think this cosmic plan is close to coming to fruition now, or are you still waiting to find out what it is?

Iggy Pop: (laughs) I thought you were going to ask me if I was waiting to croak. I am waiting to croak, Holly. And I'm just about fucking ready to do it! I don't know, I don't know. Maybe. There must be some sort of foolish reason for me still being around.

Brutarian: Have you ever played your own records backwards? Because maybe the meaning is there.

Iggy Pop: No. I never play my own records. In a way, I make them backwards, though, and making one is kind of like playing them backwards, because if you don't make them, if you just buy a record, or you just hear a song usually you hear the music first, in the air, and later you hear it in your head? I hear my songs in my head first, and then I make them to be heard in the air.

Brutarian: Do you ever miss the glitzy era of costumes and performance art that was a big part of '70s music?

Iggy Pop: Well, have you been to a Marilyn Manson concert lately? In fact, take a look at a picture of Korn from 6-7 years ago, and compare it to now. When they wanted to corner the charts, they kind of glittered up, didn't they? I played a gig with them about 6-7 years ago, maybe 5 years ago, something like that, and they were wearing identical garage mechanics' outfits, grease monkey outfits. There wasn't a primary color or a glittery detail or accessory in sight. And then, Kabamm! They're real pretty now. So I think that glam aspect is very much around and alive and even on an upswing now.
In fact, I know it is. I turned on MTV a couple of days ago actually, someone else watching it, because I never ever turn it on, but I do occasionally peek and there was this band on the tube that was basically three dumb rock guys with facial stuff on, just three rock guys doing the same shit that dumb rock guys have done since time immemorial, with their dumb workout shoulders and beer paunches and then one had his face totally painted orange, and his hair was orange with little devil horns, and the singer had this powder blue KISS-type mask, and his drummer had a silly mask on, too, and I though, oh, fuck, I've seen this somewhere before. I think it's funny that a lot of rock stars that have some minor musical ability and get played on MTV go out of their way to diss Britney Spears and the Insane Clown Posse, because, you know, they all use drum machines, they all dance in their videos, they all have a black posse backing them up, and they're all on MTV, and they don't really sound all that much different. The only difference is that maybe some of the groups write all their own shit, instead of having a studio write their stuff for them. I'm sure Korn doesn't think they're really like NSynch, even though both groups wear leatherette pants and are sponsored by Calvin Klein or whatever. Yeah, I'd say all that stuff from the glam era is definitely still around right now.

Brutarian: What's it like for you to go from being considered a part of the lunatic fringe element to being featured on car commercials and cruise line ads?

Iggy Pop: It's fascinating. It's a lucky break, really. It means I can have a car, specifically, and that's been a nice experience. Sometimes it's bad, though, because I'm the classic white trash story: somebody gets some money and doesn't know what the fuck to do with it, so he's just going to fuck himself up with it, isn't he? Fucking guy, fucking white trash has no breeding, what do you expect? (laughs) I mean, I had the good folks and everything, so I guess I'm not total white trash. But it's interesting when I think about it, and I muse about it, because does that mean that society has become like me, in that I can fit in it the way I do now? And then I

think, I guess so. I mean, we didn't used to have anything in common, me and society, and all of a sudden, I guess everybody's saying, 'Oh, yeah Iggy had a heroin addiction! Me too! Iggy took fifteen ludes and puked on the neighbor's cat and suffocated it! Me too! We're exactly alike!'
Some of it may be that, and some of it may be that in reality, what happened was that I had a lot of bad behavior, and made some pretty daring records at a certain time, and then, to get all that stuff into the light, into the proper shade of limelight, where people might be able to appreciate it, I had to switch gears. I did shit work, grunt work, for about 15 years, I ate shit and liked it, toured constantly, made records that were safe, and went to brunch with the fucking record company people like I had to, and just basically did a lot of crap in order to bring that stuff to light. And at the end of that period, yeah, I guess society had changed a little, and maybe I had changed, and people I think some people like a story, and it's like, 'Well, he used to be like that, but he's not now. Hey, that's pretty interesting!' So it's a combination of things. But I guess the way it's affected me is that I've had some different experiences than I might otherwise have had. Like I said, before, I could never have bought a car, or had a house to live in or anything, so that's what's really different, to me.

Brutarian: Did you do the theme song for the cartoon 'Five Little Monsters?' That was my son's favorite cartoon for the longest time.

Iggy Pop: Is that the one with the five monsters from space? When I did that, it was originally called 'Space Goofs', and it was in French. They changed the name when it went into American syndication. Yeah, I did that, and I loved doing that. I got a big kick doing that. In France, there's this studio over there called Goumont, which roughly parallels Paramount or Universal over here and they were making a cartoon and they asked for me. It was such a blast, being asked to write music for a kids' cartoon.

Brutarian: How have you managed to stay in such good physical shape?

Iggy Pop: Most of it is just common sense I mean, common, everyday sense works really well. Like, get a lot of sleep, don't go out much or run around too much in smoky bars. I don't drink when I don't eat, stuff like that. Early to bed, early to rise when I'm not on tour, anyway. And then I got one thing I do, which is like tai chi. I do basically Chinese exercises. This shit always gets really esoteric, but it's called kee gong, or some people call it che kong, and I do that every day, about thirty-forty minutes a day. It's like Chinese yoga. It's no big

deal, like you don't have to put on a funny suit or lift a weight, there's no equipment. It's mostly breathing: you breathe into your gut and make subtle movements, and it starts up your motor and just keeps you generally tuned. Other than that, I eat listen, we're talking about bacon and eggs in the morning and steak with butter on top at night. I eat just as crappy as everyone else. I drink red wine most nights with dinner, too. You know, part of it is that there's a certain incentive in my job to look decent, because you know, up the line, people are going to be looking at you, and you don't want to be standing there looking like a potato in a microwave. You want to look decent when you're up there on stage.

Brutarian: I heard a rumor that for your tour in Scotland, you requested seven dwarves and a bucket of broccoli as part of your backstage package.

Iggy Pop: (laughs) That's funny. That's Jos, my long-time roadie. Yeah, I did request the stuff, actually, but I didn't write it, he's the one who wrote it down. He got so grumpy about promoters and production people at festivals never reading our request rider that he just wrote down a bunch of shit to see if they would read it. And so we asked for the broccoli, and he wrote: 'Iggy hates broccoli so much that he needs to destroy a pile of it before every show. Broccoli and dip, so he can smash the broccoli and cover it in dip.' And for the dwarves, he wrote: 'Iggy hates Walt Disney, so he wants seven dwarves dressed as the Seven Dwarves from Snow White to be waiting for him so he can terrorize

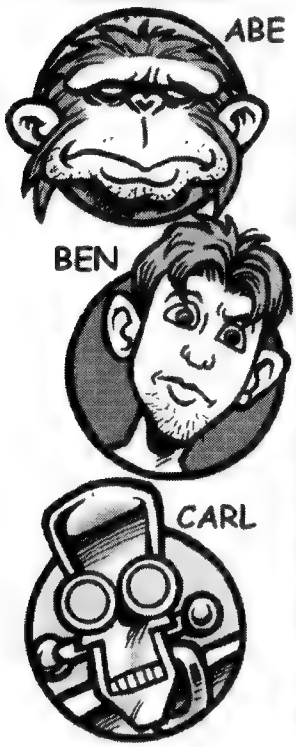
them before his show.' Apparently, this club in Scotland actually read the rider, but since we haven't gone on that leg of the tour yet, I don't know if they're going to give me the dwarves or not. So let's see. I hope I get the dwarves. They're the first club to read the request list. No one else bothered to read it. We've had that same list out for a while, and no one else has commented on it or asked questions about it because most clubs and promoters just don't read it. They throw it right into the circular file.

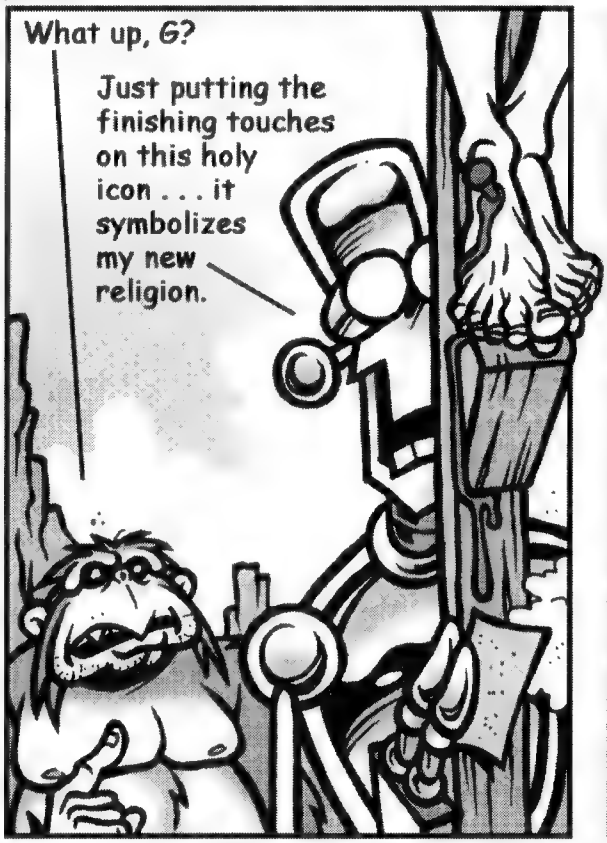
Brutarian: How are you with new-fangled technology, like drum machines and e-mail and the Internet and what not?

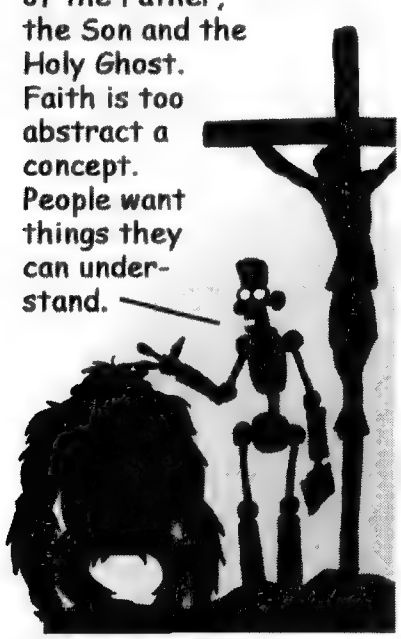
Iggy Pop: My manager read me Mariah Carey's post from my Web site, and I guess she flipped out and rambled on and on in public, so it were. I'm interested in the new technology out there. I guess I've gone on-line once or twice, and I can type. I did one on-line interview for MTV, and I found it fascinating because it changes the way people can present themselves, because they get to type out questions and answers and not just blurt out the first thing that comes to their head. The language is interesting, too, because it uses a lot more brevity. Anyway, I thought I had the Q&A session whipped. I thought I was pretty damned funny, but I was so naive to everybody I talked to that day during the interview. I kept noticing that everybody had such a cool name, like Princess Summerfall Winterspring, and I kept asking people, 'Hey, what kind of parents have you got? You've got a great name!' and I kept getting back, 'You dumbass, that's my tag!' But I didn't know. All in all, though, I'm not really that loving of technology. My new record doesn't use drum loops, I don't use machines. What I try to do is be aware of the technology, and its implications. If you haven't noticed this, check it out sometime: there is no more beautiful place to set your computer on than on top of a warm, wooden antique. So I try to be the antique, basically. I like to be friendly to technology, but not of it, because it doesn't suit me. *BQ*

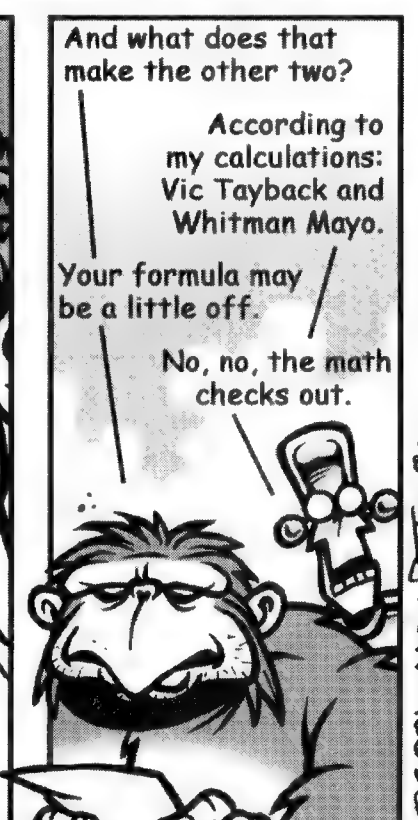
THE THINKING APE BLUES by Mark Poutenis

STARRING THE PROGRESS BROS.









©2001 MARK POUTENIS

Mpoutenis@si.rr.com

—END—

by Gene Stewart

Rat Stew means cooking what you can catch, so we'll boil down whatever's in the pot

"Head Rest"

Fear shows what is not there. Fearful people see ghosts, UFOs, and chupacabras. They see bigfoot, werewolves, and orbs. Lizard man basks on rocks - in our fearful heads. The number of reports of odd things proves fear, not the supernatural, rules. Fear, doubt, and dread have people stricken. We are not alone, some say. We fear it's true, even as we hope we don't have to face up to it alone.

Control freaks focus on what they think they can control to allay their fear. It's diversion and it's unconscious. It's all the more vicious as a result.

Now we know why media news is so hysterical. The herd is being herded. Listen to ANIMALS by Pink Floyd: Sheep, pigs, dogs. People flee into fringe stuff because it comforts them. They know it's nonsense and that it's endlessly convoluted, so they can feel as if they're on the edge even as they play safely in harmless fog. Their daily waste of time is valued, and solutions to eternal mysteries are scorned. This explains the hostility to logic, reason, and skepticism the fearful evince. To seek answers or solutions is churlish and thwarts the fun, by their lights. To challenge them is to spoil their game. Knowing this, all interest in fringe stuff should either die or one must admit to wanting to waste time, too. Scary choice. Fringe stuff is a place to rest one's head.

Horror fiction, however, is more sophisticated. It does not deal with fringe stuff except to transform it. No silly harmless irrelevancies for horror fiction; it wants our throats. Horror fiction wants our hearts still beating, as they pulse in our hands, blood dripping. Horror fiction wants to sidle up close and touch its cold lips to our ear as it whispers things to freeze our brains and halt our circulation mid-pump.

It makes the ineffable real, so we can deal with it. Where fringe beliefs and tabloid terrors are diversions, horror fiction is a train wreck that insists on our full and undivided attention.

Even at its crudest, horror fiction is a playground for our fears, not a box to hide them in. It provides us a way of confronting our fears, even handling them as they wiggle and squirm. Or manhandling them, as we throttle them. It offers thrills, chills, and bloodspills, but it also offers catharsis, that old sweet "whew!" What a relief, to have faced our worst nightmares and come through outwardly unscathed.

Having faced down the creepy stuff in horror fiction, we can resume our hour's fearless strut upon the stage.

Not that horror fiction is always good, or good for us. It varies. Some is as boldly stupid as a toddler playing peek-a-boo. Some is content to gross us out, force our heads into the toilets aswirl with our baser instincts. Some even wanders into territory usually reserved for academics.

Ah, but the rare stuff, the few stories that speak to us in whispers we can only hear in nightmare, those stories stick with us even as they keep sticking it to us. They pierce our darkness. They rape our cherished innocence. They expose the deep muck dredged from our soul's residue.

A good horror story, one that works for a reader on all levels, leaves us truly changed, and for the better. It's like surviving an accident or catastrophe. There is bonding, but not among survivors; the connections made exist between ourselves and the world around us. We have learned some intimacy. We have been given a glimpse into

the depths and have recognized our own reflection down there, waiting patiently for us.

True horror fiction features the supernatural. Although our everyday horrors suffice to keep the news media humming like a slaughterhouse; although serial killers and horrific crimes sparked by anti-depression drugs suffice to keep the querulous shivering behind overly locked doors; although gangbangers and road rage suffice to make us afraid of the most normal of activities, none of these things gives us that extra shudder that comes from the touch of the uncanny.

Oh yes, some seek that irreal caress in mundane atrocities. They speak of the devil, hoping he'll show up. They categorize human nature's crimson teeth and claws as Evil, when in truth it is but human, and all too natural.

But the unknown isn't so easily chuckled into playing with us. It requires more coaxing, and that's where horror fiction comes in. A well-wrought piece of horror fiction introduces a whiff of the metaphysical, a taste of the beyond, that leaves us unable, at least for awhile, to shake off the primal dread we feel. Call it existential angst or a little kid's gleeful shudder of fear, it's deeper and somehow more real to us, inside where we cower, than all the media's parade of everyday horrors.

Skilled horror writers plumb the depths of their own fears. They share what makes them sweat, what wakes them screaming, what keeps them up late with all lights blazing. They reach always more, and so sometimes manage to snag a handful of magic.

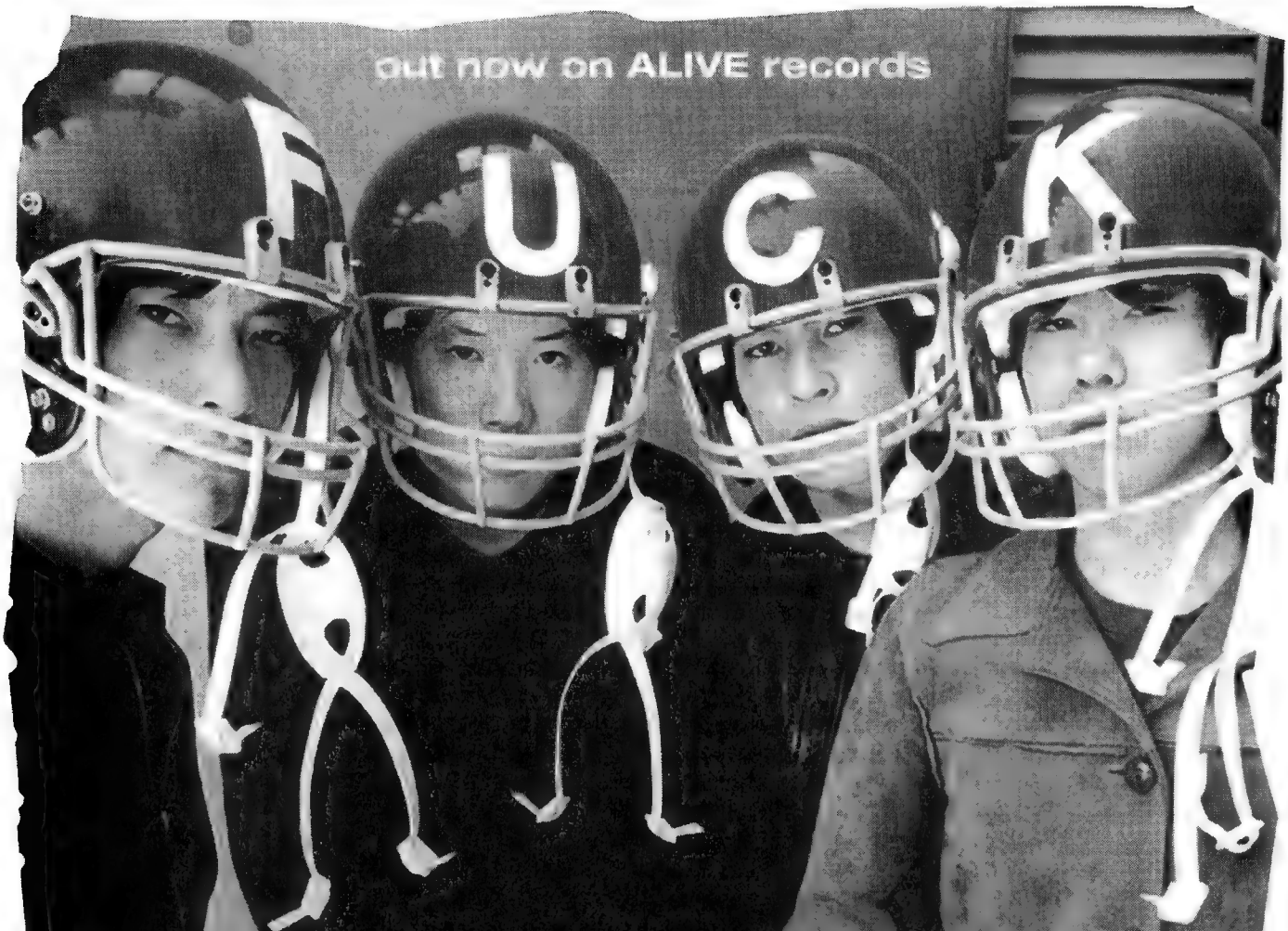
They are a reader's priests. They deal with things we see only through them. They let us find ways to confront the demons that torment us. They exorcise the angels that sucker us with sweet lies and insincere promises. They dig up the bones and show us how pungent the mold can smell.

Fear of death is the basic. Fear of never having mattered. Fear of being the world's patsy, existence's joke. We live in fear like animals running from predators in a lightning storm during a tornado.

Amidst the chaos, some of us snatch some sense, and offer it, in the guise of good fiction, to warm anyone who can see the glow. We sit around that campfire and let the maelstrom roar around us, and it lets us rest our heads enough to recharge our spirits.

Fear shows what isn't there, and horror fiction makes it real so we can deal with things beyond our ken. *BQ*

out now on ALIVE records



THEE MICHELLE GUN ELEPHANT

GEAR BLUES
CD & 2-LP/ALIVE 0040

COLLECTION
CD & 2-LP/ALIVE 0043

2 great albums of high-energy rock'n'roll
order them at bomp.com

Well, not much to tell our readers this time other than that a DVD is now a necessity for all you trash fiends out there. That's because you can now get them for *under* two hundred dollars, the picture quality is immeasurably better than that found on VHS and best of all, the movie companies are releasing EVERY FILM EVER MADE in almost mint condition. Most of the time in letterbox format as well. Not to mention all the little goodies you get as extras, like alternate soundtracks featuring the cast and director commenting on the movie as it plays, trailers, alternate scenes and the like. This goes for everything being released on DVD, even flicks like BEAST FROM HAUNTED CAVE and MANTIS IN LACE. No more grainy prints and badly synched sound for you bad film hounds, now you can see it the way it was meant to be seen. Of course if you drink as much as Ozzy does things always look grainy no matter how pristine but never mind, read on: what follows is important.

TREASURE ISLAND

The toast of the Sundance film Festival where it won a special jury prize despite the audience's outright hostility! Hostility because the audience, apparently consisting primarily of uneducated chowder heads ,simply could not handle this unflinching exploration of the dark underbelly of American WW II sexuality.

Sure, whatever you say, Mr. Independent Movie Distributor. But what say you throw in an unflinching exploration of a story as there doesn't appear to be one hiding anywhere in Treasure Island. Which is kind of unusal because there are all manner of plotting and plot devices lurking on this isle. Lots of plodding too in this surreal story of two government cryptologists' fantasies intruding on their personal lives. Which always happens when you're working overtime to create a dummy history for a corpse to be dumped on the Japanese.

Sound ridiculous? Sound confusing? It is, but try to like it because it was made by a "genius." Or so we're told in the press kit. And why, pray tell, is director and guiding light, Scott King, a genius?

Because he's gay, and as all homosexuals know, if you're gay then you're ready to be put on the shelf with Walter Pater and Oscar Wilde. Of course, a large part of Pater's and Wilde's genius was that they could be understood and enjoyed by people regardless of their sexuality, but never mind. Let's just say this is a gay thing, leave it at that, and give this incomprehensible mess one can for the imaginative black and white cinematography which effectively captures the high tone glossy look of magazines of the era like Life and Look.

DESECRATION

Hey, get a load of this: an independent low-budget horror film outta New Jersey. And heyyyyy, it was made by a paisan, name of Dante Tomaselli. Know what else? Heyyyy, everyone loves it! You can't find anyplace on the web that ain't singing Tomasellis praises. Heyyyy, ohhhhhhh, excep't for Ozzy on the Brutarian site. So what can you do? While Mr. Fide doesn't want to be no spoil sport, He's gotta level whichya and give you the low down . . . Which is, that while Desecration ain't that bad, it aint that friggin' great, neither. Capeche?

What it's got going for it is an inventive miseen scene - listen anybody that can raise a hackle or two in a sequence relying primarily on balloons and streamers definitely has talent - and a genuinely disturbing soundtrack. What the flick doesn't have going for it is narrative drive nor an interesting story. In fact, Mr. Fide wasn't always sure just what the heck was going on in the confusing tale of a dead mother's attempts to flee Hell using her teenage son as a stepping stone. Yeah, Oz knows that sounds pretty straightforward but hey, no way anyway you slice it.

Matter of fact, until Tomaselli had one of his peripheral characters spell it out in the final reel, Ozzy was under the mistaken impression he was watching an Italian-American version of The Bad Seed. And that's not good as that movie stunk on ice.

RING

Sleaze hounds everywhere are buzzing about this Japanese fright flick which has yet to see the light of day stateside. Japan's most successful horror feature to date, Ring has already spawned a sequel, a prequel and a tv show in the Land of the Rising Sun with bootlegs of all and any of this fetching a pretty penny on the underground market. According to Oz's sources, the original effort is by far the weakest of the bunch. This amazes Mr. Fide as he has not seen a genre film this gripping and artistically done since Blair Witch.

At the center of things is a grainy, confusing video. Those who watch it (and receive a phone call immediately afterwards) die exactly one week after a viewing. The video becomes something of an urban legend and piques the curiosity of a fearless television reporter named Reiko.

When Reiko is unable to solve the mystery surrounding the tape she calls upon her ex-husband, a bohemian university instructor for help. Also for a little comfort, because now that she's seen the video she's certain she has only a week to live. Dead certain. Subsequently much happens. And not much happens. You have to watch and listen closely as the Ring experience is all tied up in gesture, and color and sound (as well as its absence).

Truly an unsettling ordeal. Maybe someday you'll get to see it in a theatre in the United States.

LADY FRANKENSTEIN

"Only the monster she made could satisfy her strange desires." What strange desires? She's a nympho; she just wants to rock and roll all night and party every day. She's also the daughter of Dr. Frankenstein - Joseph Cotten who never saw a role he didn't like after discovering the joys of alcohol - and she too is a surgeon. Since she's a sex maniac however, Ms. Frankenstein only operates on her back. And that's just fine with Ozzy because this Teutonic tart (Sarah Bay a.k.a. Rosalba Neri) is about a few light years beyond gorgeous. Muscular legs, taut, firm buttocks, saucy, pliant breasts. The face ain't bad either but, frankly, Oz wasn't paying too much attention to anything north of cleavage as Lady Frankenstein spent most of the film shucking her clothes off every chance she got. Especially after Daddy Frank's monster killed him leaving rutting Rosie all alone in the world. Well, there is the aforementioned monster, but even Rosalba takes a pass on him; he has a head that looks like a melted, flesh-colored chamber pot and what looks like a ping pong ball serving for a suppurating eye. So what's a lonely slattern in a backwater Germany burg to do? Why, build another monster. A good-looking one that has the strength of ten men. Ten horny men, that is. Nudity, silliness, hateful dialogue and misandry abound, courtesy of Mel Welles, the flower shop owner in Roger Corman's LITTLE SHOP OF HORRORS. Docked one star because for refusing to show Ms. Neri in the altogether if you know what Oz means and He believes you do.

THE CURIOUS DR. HUMPP

Possibly the greatest Argentinian sci-fi horror film ever made. Yeah, OK, you weren't even aware they had cameras in Argentina; nevertheless, The Curious Dr. Humpp is one of the more remarkable exploitation films to find its way to disc in quite some time.

Where and how do we begin? Oz would like to begin at the beginning but a beginning does not exist ... No middle or end for that matter, either.

The film opens with a large,

badly dressed man sporting a third grade paper mache job on his shoulders and a blinkling light in the middle of his forehead. He, or rather it, enters a bar, calmly sits down in the middle of a strip show, waits for the featured lovely to doff all her clothing and then slaps an ether-soaked rag over the ecdysiast's face and drags her off.

No one in the bar does anything. Aside from point and watch in open-jawed amazement.

Which is perfectly fine, as all over this nameless Argentinian city, similar looking monsters are kidnapping men and women without anyone lifting a finger to stop them. Most of the victims are allowed to get naked before being abducted. If they are perverts then the monsters let the perversions begin before carrying them away.

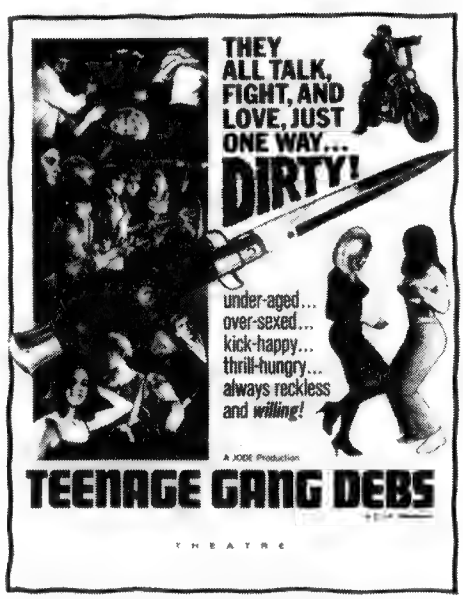
Eventually all and sundry wind up at the clinic of the titular Dr. Humpp who has this cockeyed plan to rule the world through sex ... This is to be done by taking virile youths and turning them into screwing machines! Uh, I guess you can do that.

Dr. Humpp, however, has little doubt as to the efficacy of this plan as the talking brain the Doctor keeps in a jar in his lab tells him said plan is foolproof.

Sure all of this sounds like a recipe for disaster but Dr. Humpp works because of a total absence of irony and a refusal to bow to story-telling conventions of any kind. Thus the narrative is allowed to continually and wildly violate its own internal logic, characters are made to appear oblivious to that which is taking place around them, and scenes are asked only to bear a tangential relationship to one another. The program notes talk about the film's wild, comic book vitality but it's a comic book written by creatures not of this earth.

Ed Wood, a pretty strange creature himself, would have been embarrassed by a movie in which a pharmacist checks a police sketch to confirm that the monster that just walked into his store is the monster the authorities are looking for. You mean if it's not "the" monster on the photo you just fill the prescription and send the beast on its merry way? Is this the way things work in Argentina?

The man who made this film, Emilio Vieyara, appears to have been blithely unconcerned with his alarmingly small brain, going on to slap together four more horror films. From all reports they're as bad as this one. What Oz wouldn't give to see just one of them.



TEENAGE GANG DEBS

This way-out flick has garnered quite a cult following among trash cognoscenti, many of whom feel this might just be the worst youth film ever made. Ozzy isn't sure about that but he must admit Gang Debs is mighty mighty bad. And, as we all know, that's good.

Basically a refashioning of Macbeth in a JD demimonde, Gang Debs asks us to believe that a diminutive gal with bad teeth can so set juvenile hearts aflame that the entire delinquent population of Brooklyn would willingly go to war for her.

Well, it is 1966 and our little Lady MacB "does" put out so maybe that's the reason for all this madness. Mad too is the way these JDs dress: shapeless denims, madras sweaters and clean pressed white shirts with pinched collars.

Man, ain't that the most!

You'll also dig the way these cats dance, too-kind of a combination of the frug and the swim. Except when they cut the rug to their latest fave rave: "The Black Belt."

Crazy is the word for hoofing it with front punches and side kicks, Daddy-O!

Of course a gang can't spend all of it's time tripping the light fantastic, baby! They got to get their kicks, put the D in "delinquent." Dig?

Thus the constant prodding of their kittens to cat fight and the nail filing bit with switchblades. And, naturally enough since the boys are in a gang: RUMBLES

But back to our story: This MacB, she thinks this whole outfit, otherwise known as The Rebels, is strictly squaresville so she scams her way to the top with the idea of using her position as newly crowned queen as a launching pad to taking over the entire borough.

Totally wiggy, baby. Like, complete screwsville.

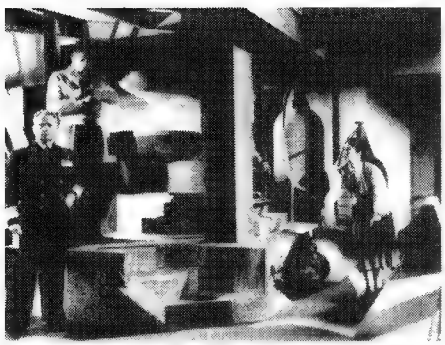
Before this kitty cat is done we get knife fights, a couple of rumbles and a gang rape. All filmed in extreme close-up so as to disguise the impoverished staging. With performances ranging from the somnambulant to the soporific making a perfect match for the dazed and confused air wafting through this entire misbegotten project.

MANTIS IN LACE AKA LILA

During the 60s and 70s, Harry H. Novak was the king of sexploitation. Under the aegis of Box Office

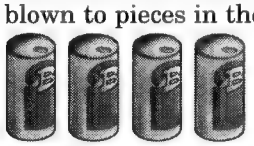
International, Harry churned out over two hundred flicks and made a fortune releasing softcore knock-offs of whatever was trendy in Hollywood. Over two hundred pictures, and from all reports, none of them were worth the celluloid they were printed on. MANTIS IN LACE, however, has acquired a cult following through the years and its re-release by Something Weird Video has created quite a stir among trash aficionados.

For the life of Mr. Fide he can't see why as MANTIS isn't really a film so much as a number of strip tease sequences interrupted by a few scenes of exposition. Sure, the idea of a beautiful young stripper luring men to an abandoned warehouse where she drops acid and then gets homicidal on their ass sounds promising, but that's all MANTIS is: an idea. An idea, and pardon the pun here, not fleshed out. You see a couple of gals strip, then cut to the warehouse where our psycho stripper slowly disrobes to the dreadful theme song, then her pick-up doffs his clothes and . . . And who cares by this point? Certainly not the viewer whose patience is further tried by the sudden appearance of two hapless detectives who proceed to the same strip joint where we came in and end up watching the same strippers we've already seen. Man o' Manoschevitz is this ever boring. The celebrated psychedelic sequences courtesy of Laslo "EASY RIDER" Kovacs are appropriately garish, but they are quite short and frankly don't do much to relieve the tedium.



RED PLANET MARS

Peter Graves has it all: a comely, attentive wife, two adorable children, an expensive looking brick-and-stone California ranch house and the respect of the scientific community from which he has recently taken a sabbatical. Still, there's something nagging at Graves, something he feels is unfinished. Oh what oh what can it be? That's right, conversation with Mars. The Red Planet. Get it? Red as in other. As in Communist. Well Graves, much to the chagrin of his President and the chiefs of staff of the US armed forces, makes contact. Big big mistake because it turns out that the yokels from the third planet from the sun are big big Bible readers. That's right, the Martians are red in name only. Just like the Russian people. Alright, you can see where this is going; still you're going to get big laughs watching Joe Stalin getting routed by molotov-cocktail wielding Greek Orthodoxists, the stock market crashing after learning of Martian familiarity with the New Testament and capitalists the world over beating their swords into plowshares. Man, you can talk about your Fifties' Sci-Fi as metaphor for subtle Marxist-Leninist infiltration but this flick, based on a rather successful play, takes it to such absurdist heights - a Nazi is behind it all - that it becomes almost poetic in a wonderfully strange way. Plus Graves and his wife, symbol of the American way as paradisical life, get blown to pieces in the end.



AWAKENING OF THE BEAST

Coffin Joe, aka Jose Mojica Marins, most controversial film probably would have been called ADVERTISEMENTS FOR MYSELF if that title hadn't already been taken. Here he plays himself attending a psychiatric panel during the filming of a televised debate over the evils of drugs. Why a horror director is allowed to sit on a psychiatric panel is never really explained satisfactorily. Neither are reasons given for the shrinks swapping dirty stories instead of debating. Marins doesn't care; he thinks his putative audience will be wowed by this framing mechanism which gives him the excuse to patch together a number of scenes and outtakes from his other movies.

The result? Wowsville. Because Marins is a genius. We know this because Marins himself tells us this many times during the film. And maybe Marins is a genius. He's certainly insane and that's just about the same thing. Listen: before AWAKENING is less than fifteen minutes old, a beautiful woman shoots up in her foot, strips and then poops in a bowl before a bunch of badly ageing bohemian pot smokers. That's followed by a long sequence which finds a group of dope-addled beats paying wigged obeisance to a teenage schoolgirl's nether regions before she gets vaginally impaled with a tree limb by a hippie posing as Christ. Now, who but an insane person, or a genius, would put this much bad craziness in the first couple minutes of his pic? Impossible as it may be to believe, Marins flick goes on to get weirder, culminating in a long colorized psychedelic bit with Coffin Joe orchestrating the proceedings. The festivities find the actors heaping praise on the director as a visionary possessed of the unique ability to find "poetry in the macabre" while a penis monster and asses painted with caricatures of the aforementioned Mr. Joe cavort

in the background. You'll want to laugh but find that you cannot. You'll look inside yourself for outrage and discover only nagging uncertainties. This means there's something going on here and you don't know what it is. Do you? Mr and Mrs Video Jones . . .

BLOOD AND LACE

What was it that Woody Allen once said about sex? It's only dirty if you're doing it right? The Woodman must have had Gloria Grahame in mind because no one, and Oz means no one, gave off the heat this woman did. She gave the impression in her best roles - In A Lonely Place, The Bad and the Beautiful, The Big Heat - that she wasn't quite sure about her looks and if a guy was willing to reassure her she'd do almost anything to please him. That's hot, baby. Hot with a capital burning. In this sick little southern Gothic exercise the normally glamorous Gloria puts on cheap ill-fitting polyester, removes the make-up and forks and chops her luxuriant locks to rat's nest similarity to assay the role of a sadistic owner of a backwoods orphanage.

Considered quite shocking in its day (the film was made in 1970) BLOOD AND LACE is badly dated yet so suffused with gloom and off-hand depravity it's almost impossible to dismiss. Hollywood just spent 100 million on FROM HELL in attempt to evoke something similar and didn't come within a mile of the pure fulsome wrongness of this thing. And this is very very wrong: teenage nudity and sex presented as sheer gratuity, mutilation and sadism as foreplay, incest as sexual tonic, Vic Tayback as hero and love interest.

The story? There is no story. Melody Patterson of F Troop fame bludgeons her whore of a mother and her mother's lover to death, sets fire to the house and is sent to Oh-My-Fucking-God Orphange run by the aforementioned Grahame. Who proceeds to steal the show by doing little
more than pouting. Imagine Marilyn Monroe working overtime to transmogrify herself into an ageing slattern and then doing things like making baby talk over a glass of water in front of a fifteen year old who's been tied up for days in a hot attic. Madams and Monsieurs, that's entertainment.

INCUBUS

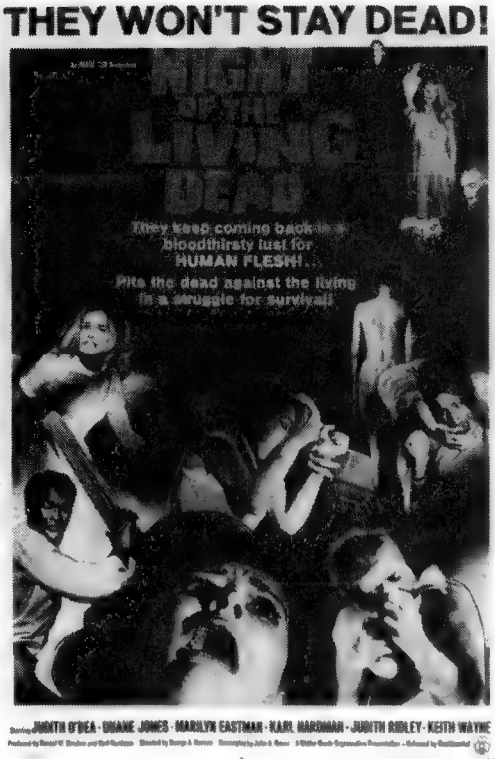
Weirdo film mags like Video Watchdog and Sci-Fi Channel Magazine are falling all over themselves trying to top one another with superlatives for this hitherto "lost" 1964 horror film. Well, after barely managing to get through this "restered classic" despite its brief 72 minute running time, Oz can tell you that this unwatchable dog should have stayed lost.
Now that it's been found it would be a good idea to rebury it as INCUBUS, despite the manful efforts of William Shatner, is berefit of ideas, themes and meaningful dialogue.

In fact it's almost all talk and that talk is in the artificial, never-employed language of Esperanto, an ugly means of expression mixing the worst elements of Latin and Spanish. Which gives you one less reason to watch this atrocity and, as Ozzy has just finished telling you there's no earthly reason for slipping this into your DVD player, that leaves us according to our final calculations with a score of minus one on the watch-o-meter. Which translates to S-T-I-N-K-Y in any language.

WHO SAW HER DIE A.K.A THE CHILD

Fairly intriguing giallo - that's Eye-Tie for absurd violent mystery - intended as a prequel to Nicholas Roeg's DON'T LOOK NOW has sculptor (Gëorge Lazenby) seeking the murderer of his young daughter. The closer our bereaved stonecarver gets to blowing the lid off what turns out to be a cover-up, the more the bodies begin to pile up. While saddled with a risible twist ending and a shrill Ennio Morricone score, director Aldo Lado manages to generate his fair share of thrills thanks to some clever editing, effective color schemes and beautiful use of the claustrophobic back streets and cramped interiors of Venice (that's Venice, Italy, not California, you dope). Genre fans will no doubt be disappointed by the relative lack of gore here but really only a sick bastard would want to see graphic murders of children. For those with more refined tastes there are generous dollops of male - and female nudity.

NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD



Ozzy, being new to DVD stuff, picked up this special 30th Anniversary Limited Edition of this classic fright flick forgetting that the thirtieth anniversary of NOLD was three years ago. A long long time to have been given the word to lay off this edition. As George Romero had nothing to do with it. But original screenwriter John A. Russo did, adding over fifteen minutes of new scenes and working with some guy named Scott Licina to give you a new soundtrack. To both the revised and original versions.

OK, first things first: most of the expanded edition is expended on an opening and closing framing sequence which really really detracts from the overall sense of claustrophobia created by Romero in the original. The added zombie sequences feature plenty of grue but amount to little more than overkill. In Romero's version, the depravity was used as a tincture, a bit of flavoring, a means of subtly underscoring the hopeless situation the protagonists found themselves in.

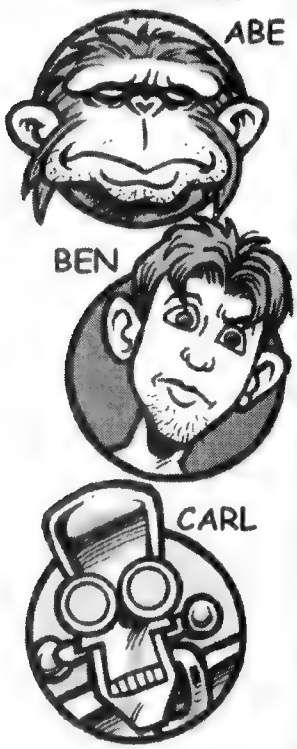
The score? Fuhgebbaboudit! Sometimes it sounds like Human League on a bender, most of the time, and this is being generous, it's somewhat unobtrusive. This Lick -me or whatever his name is just didn't give enough of a shit to give himself fully to his dark side. That's unforgiveable in a movie about flesh-eating zombies. Or maybe as dark as this guy gets is doing the "Deal-A-Meal" thing with Richard Simmons.

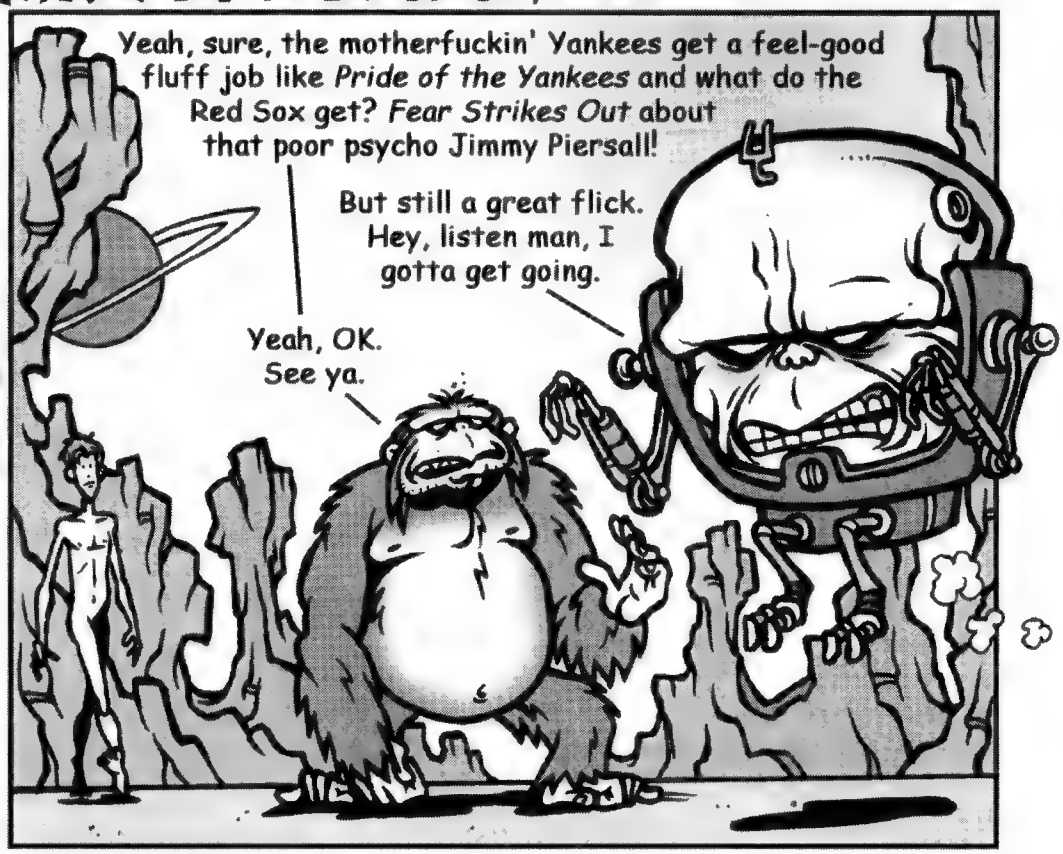
The "original" has the same score but frankly, there was just something about that impoverished library rental music and those incidental sounds that made Romero's groundbreaking effort sound like a cinema verite project from hell. So yes, you get all manner of extras here but you'd be far better off spending $9.95 for the public domain version. Next up for Russo and Licina? A fine-tuning of Cocteau's Blood of the Poet.

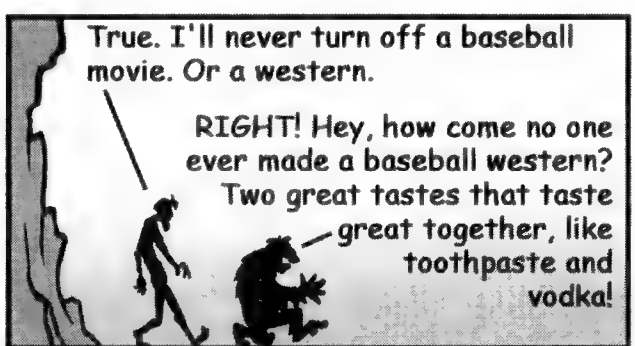
Can for the zombie intercuts

THE THINKING APE BLUES by Mark Poutenis

STARRING THE PROGRESS BROS.







©2001 · MARK POUTENIS

Mpoutenis@si.rr.com

—END—

"Hot Dog! That Made The Wanda

Roy Clark, in his 1994 autobiography My Life - In Spite Of Myself, proclaimed, "Wanda Jackson was more than just a great singer, she was an inspiration to a whole generation of singers. Brenda Lee and Tanya Tucker are just two among the many whose style has been influenced by her." Truer words were never spoken, but let us add, Jackson was also one kick-ass rock'n'roller whose early style shines the guiding light for modern day rockabillies Marti Brom, Kim Lenz, Rosie Flores, and Eva Eastwood.

Whether growling out such odes to frustrated sensuality as "Mean Mean Man," hiccuping braggadocio ala "Fujiyama Mama," or joyously whooping through "Let's Have A Party," Jackson imbued every fast song she sang with searing hot-tempered sexuality.

Taking a tip from her close friend Elvis Presley, the Oklahoma-born songstress put country music on the back burner when she began to growl out sexually aggressive rock'n'roll from the female perspective. Her first single in the new direction "I Gotta Know," hit the country Top 20, but such truly great records as "Honey Bop," "Hot Dog! That Made Him Mad," "Baby Loves Him," "Cool Love," and "Fujiyama Mama" scared the hell out of both country and pop programmers. As a result, the saucy belter didn't score a really big hit until her 1958 remake of Presley's "Let's Have A Party" became a surprise pop Top 40 entry in 1960. Boasting a unique rasping vocal style that embraced humor, pathos and rebellion, Jackson and producer Ken Nelson forged the last great body of work to emerge from the rockabilly era.

However, the raven-tressed Jackson's most consistent success came trilling the sweet and pure ballads "Right Or Wrong" and "In The Middle Of A Heartache." Finally achieving her niche in country music she became a constant chart presence until the early 70s, garnering two Grammy nominations for Best Female Country Vocalist ('63 and '71) and hosting her own TV series Music Village ('67 '68.).

Although top-sellers "Tears Will Be The Chaser For Your Wine" and "A Girl Don't Have To Drink

To Have Fun" exemplified the moralistic odes country crowds preferred, Jackson's later work often asserted the fiery, sometimes violent persona of her rockabilly sides. Such hits as "The Box That It Came In" and "Big Iron Skillet" threatened death and/or brutal assault upon her lying, cheating spouse. Sassy stuff in their time, these sides sound deliciously politically incorrect today.

Jackson found religion during the 70s, released several LPs of sacred songs on the Myrrh and Word labels, and hosted her own religious pro-

Jackson Interview Part One

By Ken Burke

Him Mad"

gram on TBN. Eventually the European rockabilly revival restored her secular music career. Still a solid draw, the ever professional Jackson has toured worldwide, recorded sporadically, and co-wrote her autobiography which is available only in Sweden. Early next year, she will be seen with fellow rockabilly pioneers Janis Martin and Brenda Lee in the Public Broadcasting documentary Welcome To The Club.

We spoke with Jackson via phone at her office just days before she was to be honored at a gala bash celebrating her 64th birthday. Effortlessly charming and articulate, the legendary First Lady Of Rockabilly Music talked at length about her life and times from the beginning.

WJ: I was born in Maud and my folks only stayed there about six or eight months. Of course they had to go where the work was, this was 1937, near the end of the Depression, but there were still some very depressed areas, especially in Oklahoma. My dad was a musician. I don't understand how much he worked, but he had a band and played the VFW halls and Elks Clubs, that's where he and mother met. Then, they were married and I came along about a year later, and that,s when he had to give up his music because it wasn't paying enough. Of course my mother has always worked, she's a very industrious type woman - a workaholic. So, when I was five or six, he quit whatever job he was working at and we moved to California. Out there my daddy went to barber school, so then he had a trade. We lived in L.A. until he finished that, then we moved to Bakersfield where he got his first barbering job. I was in California from the first-grade through the third or fourth. Then my mother get very homesick for her family and she felt that she should be here to help out. So they came back to Oklahoma. My daddy said, "All right, we'll go back to Oklahoma if you'll help me make a living - because she had quit work by then - and the first time you have to make gravy out of water, we're going back to California." (Laughs.) That was mother's main thing, she always had to have milk to make his gravy. So, we've lived in Oklahoma City ever since I was nine. Though I lived there only a short while, I guess I sort've put Maud on the map.

KB: Where exactly is Maud located?

WJ: It's sixty-five Southeast of Oklahoma City and it's between some medium-sized towns like Shawnee and Seminole, actually you kinda have to be born there to find it. I always have to draw maps for people looking for it. (Laughs.) But for about thirteen years they've had Wanda Jackson Day in April - a big celebration with a car show and a parade. We have concerts in the evening, benefits for the town's firemen and police. It got to be a little bit much to do it every year so we haven't done it for a couple of years.

KB: Did California have any long-lasting effect on you, musically?

WJ: Yes. While we lived in Los Angeles, mother and daddy loved to dance, and I'm told they danced beautifully together. I saw them in later years and they were like poetry in motion. So, they'd go to the dances around L.A. , this would be during the early 40s, and they'd see the big Western Swing bands who were very popular at the time. So, from the very beginning they said I was standing at the bandstand until I got cricks in my neck from looking up at Bob Wills,

Spade Cooley, Tex Williams, Hank Thompson, and Maddox Brothers and Rose. They said I would just cry when they would leave. But I loved to watch the girls, each show band had its own girl singer, sometimes two, and they dressed in the pretty flashy clothes and most of them yodeled. When people asked me, as they sometimes will ask a child "What are you going to be when you grow up?" I would always say, "I'm gonna be a girl singer." Later I got to thinking, back then I wonder if I thought I had the option of whether I was going to be the girl or the boy? (Laughs.) I must have because I said, "The girls were prettier and wore shiny clothes, so I wanted to be the girl."
So, the next thing I had to do was learn how to yodel, which was a pretty easy thing for me to do, then I was ready to be a girl singer.

KB: Yodeling is a bit of a lost art, do you get much call for it these days?

WJ: I dropped it for a long time, but sometime in the mid-80s when I started working concert tours in Europe I thought, "Maybe they'd like to hear some yodeling." It's become one of the most requested things I do other than "Right Or Wrong" or "Let;s Have A Party." They want a yodel song. I'm still yodeling - it's not quite as good as it used to be but the people like it.

KB: When did you first pick up a guitar?

WJ: My daddy first put a guitar in my hands when I was six. I don't think I could even reach around the neck yet, but I played with it and fell in love with the instrument. Then as I grew he taught me things. He'd sing and play the fiddle, and he taught me to accompany him. Then we began singing together - that's all I ever remembered wanting to do.

KB: What were some of the songs you did together?

WJ: We did some Jimmie Rodgers things, some hymns - my daddy wasn't a religious man but he loved the hymns. My mother was a Christian all her life.

KB: When did you start writing or making up songs, was that shortly after you learned how to play?

WJ: Well, no. Actually, the first song I wrote was in the ninth grade and I wrote it at school. I wasn't very scholastically minded, I was always glad if I passed on C's. (Laughs.) I think the reason I only made C's was because my mind was on music all the time. But that's when I began writing and I've recorded just about everything I've written - of course there were some I had to trash. But the better songs I've recorded them or some of my friends have recorded them.

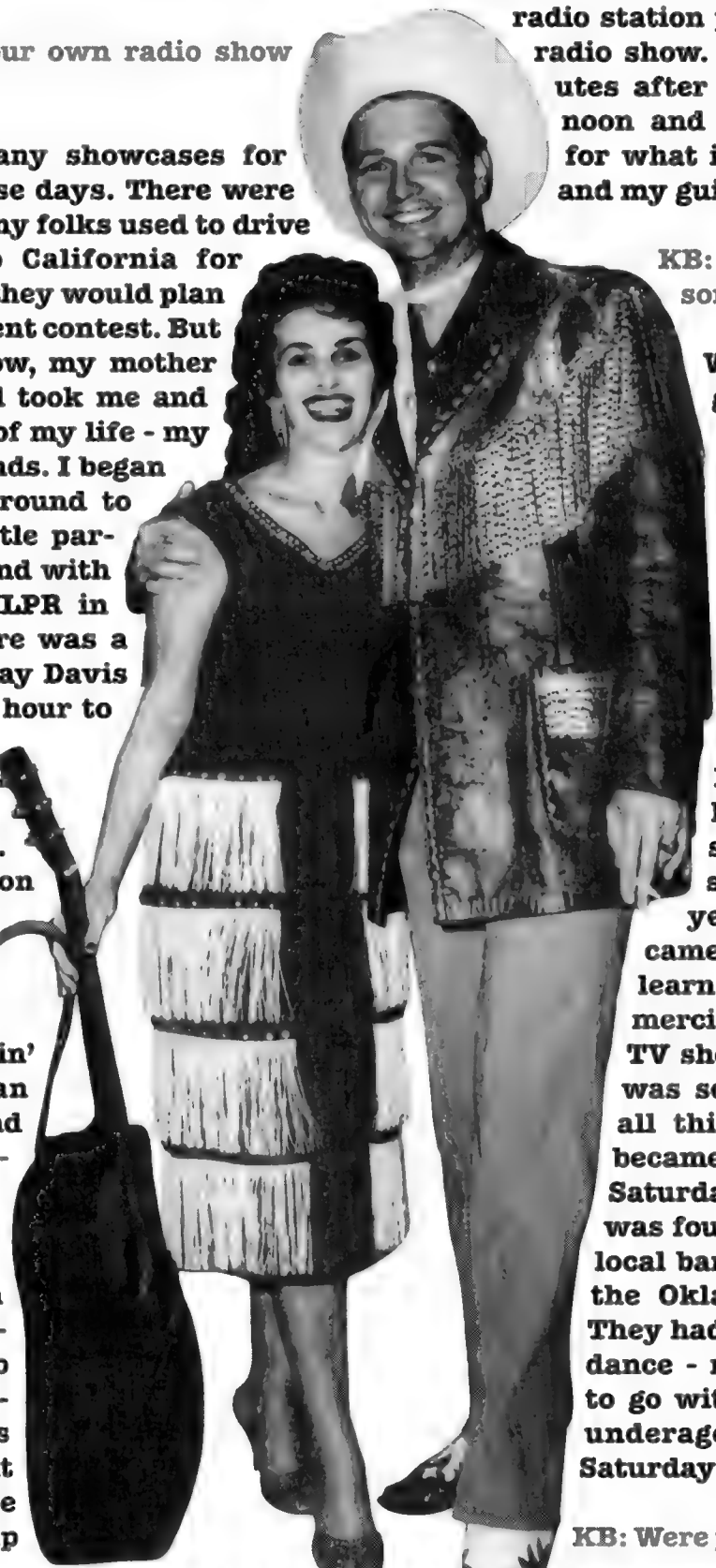
KB: Do you remember what that first song was?

WJ: I recorded it when I got my Decca contract when I was junior in high school and it was called, "You'd Be The First One to Know," and it was a pretty decent little song. I was sure glad I was able to write songs and had confidence in my songs, especially by the time I was recording rockabilly. If you look at my records you'll see that most of them are either cover songs or songs I've written - because there was no material out

there for a girl rocker. So I had to do the songs the guys did or write my own, which I wrote quite a few of.

KB: Tell us how your own radio show came about.

WJ: We had so many showcases for young talent in those days. There were scads of contests - my folks used to drive from Oklahoma to California for their vacation that they would plan around some big talent contest. But about the radio show, my mother went to church and took me and that was a big part of my life - my church and my friends. I began taking my guitar around to little parties for little parties at my church and with friends. Well, on KLPR in Oklahoma City, there was a disc jockey called Jay Davis and he only had an hour to play country music. Remember, in those days, they didn't specialize. Every radio station played a bit of everything - an hour of pop, then you'd have an hour of preachin' then you'd have an hour of country, and it was just all conglomerated altogether. Well, he had an hour every afternoon and he began devoting the last fifteen minutes to showcasing local talent. My friends found out about that and the dared me (chuckles) to go up and try out. But they went with me and cheered during my audition and I got on. Then I won some type of a contest the radio station put on and got my own radio show. It ran for fifteen minutes after the news every afternoon and it was pretty popular for what it was - it was just me and my guitar.



KB: Who was your sponsor?

WJ: Well, the station gave me the show as the winner of that contest for a while. Then it became popular and they told me, "You can keep this spot if you can keep it sponsored." So, I had a lumber company and later a furniture company. Between the two I worked very hard to keep my show sponsored. I carried that show for at least three years. Some television came in there later and I learned to do my own commercials. I had a band and a TV show for a little while. It was so wonderful that I got all this experience before I became a star. I sang every Saturday night from the time I was fourteen, with a very fine local band "Merle Lindsey and the Oklahoma Night Riders." They had a radio program and a dance - mother and daddy had to go with me naturally, I was underage. So, that was our Saturday evenings.

KB: Were your parents were sup-

portive of your career?

WJ: Oh yeah, very much. It thrilled my daddy to death because he wanted to stay in music and he would've been very good - I just know it. I was an only child, so that made it possible for them to devote so much attention and time and resources on me. I had a great advantage there. Another great advantage was my mother is a professional seamstress. Somewhere along the way, when I was about sixteen or so, I didn't like the cowboy clothes. As I became a young lady, I didn't like boots - I wanted something sexier. I was a Marilyn Monroe fan! So you'd be surprised when you the movies and look at a lot of my dresses, you'll see that mother I copied a lot of her dresses. But I began designing my own clothes, mother helped me, and she just worked so very hard for me making those beautiful clothes. That's what really helped establish me because I looked different from other people. My clothes were beautifully done. I started wearing high heels, tight skirts, sweetheart necks, spaghetti straps, long earrings, and long hair. So that became my image - sexy, glamorous, whichever word you want to use.

KB: Were you treated well by the other students?

WJ: Yes, I was. I would take my guitar to school, and put it in the principal's office or somewhere safe. In the beginning, the radio station was just around the corner from the school. So, I'd get my guitar and walk up to the station. All the kids hanging out on the streets were laughing at me. Especially the guys - pointing and making remarks, "What've you got in there Wanda, a machine gun?" (Laughs.) Eventually I got the last laugh on 'em, but all the kids in high school were very supportive. I have a girlfriend who remembers this occasion, I thought it was so sweet. When I signed my Decca contract, I was a junior in high school. I was so excited and I had told all my closest friends and I was a good friend with the vice-principal, and I told him. In our homeroom classes

in those days there were speakers in each room and they would always come on with a scripture reading and a prayer, and then the announcements. So, that day the vice-principal announced that "Wanda Jackson has signed a contract with Decca Records." My friend Beverly says you could hear applause breaking out all over the school in every room.

KB: Did you do much performing in high school?

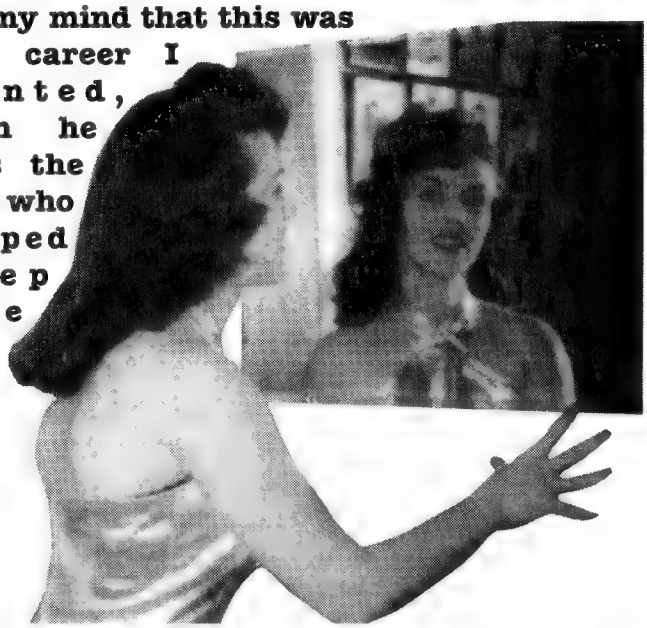
WJ: Oh yes, I used to sing at a lot of the assemblies we used to have. I began doing this song "Hot Dog! That Made Him Mad." This was a Betty Hutton song from a musical that I eventually recorded. I don't know where I came up with all these songs, but I was a bit of a movie buff and I liked to do all kinds of songs. So, I started doing "Hot Dog." Well, the principal and the teachers didn't think this was appropriate. (Laughs.) So, they came to me right before an assembly - and I think the librarian was appointed to do it, she said, "You can't sing "Hot Dog! That Made Him Mad," at the assemblies anymore." Well, I told my girlfriend Beverly - she was very popular, and as the kids came in she started telling everybody. Then, when I came out onstage, all the kids started clapping in unison and chanting, "Hot Dog! Hot Dog! Hot Dog!" (Laughs.) That's how I got away with singing that song again.

KB: Did your career cause you to miss out on an important part of childhood?

WJ: Being the type of person that I am, I don't feel that I've missed anything. I used to try to go to ballgames and I wanted to join the Pep Clubs because all my friends were in one. But, my mother noticed that every time I went to a ball game on Friday night, I was hoarse and couldn't sing with the band on Saturday night. Heck, I made twenty or twenty-five dollars for one evening and that was a lot of money back then. Plus, I'd rather have been singing than sitting at the ball game screaming. Something had to give, so I gave up the ball games and the Pep Club things, but I was still popular because everyone understood that I had a goal. But I feel sorry for kids today - even my son fell into this category, they have so many options. They're brought up with their parents saying, "You can do anything you want to do." Of course, I don't believe that totally and completely but you can have a lot of choices - so it's very confusing. It took us a long time to figure out what rung our son's bell. (Chuckles.) Once we did - well, we're in business with him now. So, I had that goal and it didn't matter what happened to me. I might get sidetracked for a while but I could never lose sight of the goal - I'd just get right back on course. I didn't know what I was doing at the time, but in retrospect I can say, "Hey, that's why I kept moving forward." Because it didn't matter what happened, if I got a setback of some kind, I'd just get right back up and go again.

KB: You seemed to have an awful lot of confidence.

WJ: And I didn't think that I had confidence. My dad was such a wonderful person and he allowed me to choose. He never pushed or said, "You've got to do this." But once I made up my mind that this was the career I wanted, then he was the one who helped keep me



on track. He'd say, "Well, you can do that Wanda, and that'll be fine. But you'll have to forget about this show here and this show and that television show you wanted to do - but go ahead and do that." Then I'd realize, "Well no, I don't wanna do that!" (Laughs.) He helped me to verbalize what I really wanted and he traveled with me. After I graduated and I had a couple of little country hits under my belt, I wanted to go on tour. I didn't want college. He tried to talk me into it, but I wouldn't. So, he was able to quit his job and travel with me, and mother stayed home. She worked for the government. She put in an eight-hour day and took care of an invalid mother part-time, and sewed all my stage clothes and most of my street-wear as well.

KB: In effect, was your dad your manager?

WJ: Oh yeah. He traveled with me and kept my reputation intact, and that was always important to me - and to him, of course. He'd even come in while mother and I were fitting my clothes and say, "I think that neckline's a little low, Wanda. Let's pull that up." (Laughs.) Then when he'd leave, mother'd say, "Do you want me to put it back where it was?" I said, "Yeah - he won't know." So, we connived a little.

KB: Tell us about Hank Thompson and how he discovered you.

WJ: Well, he was invaluable to me. He was my favorite singer, I did all of his songs (laughs) and none of them were written for female singers - but I sang 'em anyway. My early influences were Jimmie Rodgers, Rose Maddox, and Hank Williams. But, it was Hank Thompson I admired most later on. He's a Texan, but he had moved his band and all of his operations to Oklahoma City in order to work the Trianon Ballroom. Which was one of the finest in the West. He'd work there whenever he wasn't on the road. So, he was listening to my radio show, and when I went off the air they told me I had a phone call. When he said, "This is Hank Thompson." I just about fainted. A big star like that and my very favorite - just to hear his voice, I nearly went berserk! He said, "I listened to ya' I liked your singing, and I want you to come this Saturday night and sing with my band, the Brazos Valley Boys, at the Trianon. This was one of the biggest thrills of my life, but I remember saying, "Oh Mr. Thompson, I would love to but I've gotta ask my mother first." That's very typical for a fifteen-year old, isn't it? Then, I did sing with him every time he was in town. I became something of a favorite, people would ask "Is Wanda there tonight?"

KB: You were a little young to go on tour with his outfit, weren't you?

WJ: Well, yeah. I was still in school. After I graduated I was ready to go on the road and Hank had me on quite a few tours with him. That's where I really cut my teeth on entertaining - learning about stage presence and stage manners. Because I watched every

performance of his all the way through, I learned a lot. What I know about it I learned from him. And he's a wonderful businessman, writer, and was even a private pilot for a while. I got to fly with him a lot on show dates - he just never changes, he's so positive. I've never heard a negative thing come out of his mouth. A couple of years ago, he had this stroke in his eye and it's caused some problems with that eye. Well, I hadn't seen him since that happened - and up in Minnesota when we were doing a show together. I was kind of dreading seeing him, "I know he's gonna be down." I walked in and he got up, gave me a big ol' hug, and he was laughing and going on. I told him I was sorry about what had happened, but he laughed and said, "Oh my goodness, I'm just grateful what I still have." He's a good example for me to say, "Hey, don't start thinking that your best days are behind you." Day by day, year by year, Hank just continues on, he does more and he,s finally getting the acclaim he deserves. He's esteemed to highly by everybody in our industry and so it makes me unafraid of every year I get older.

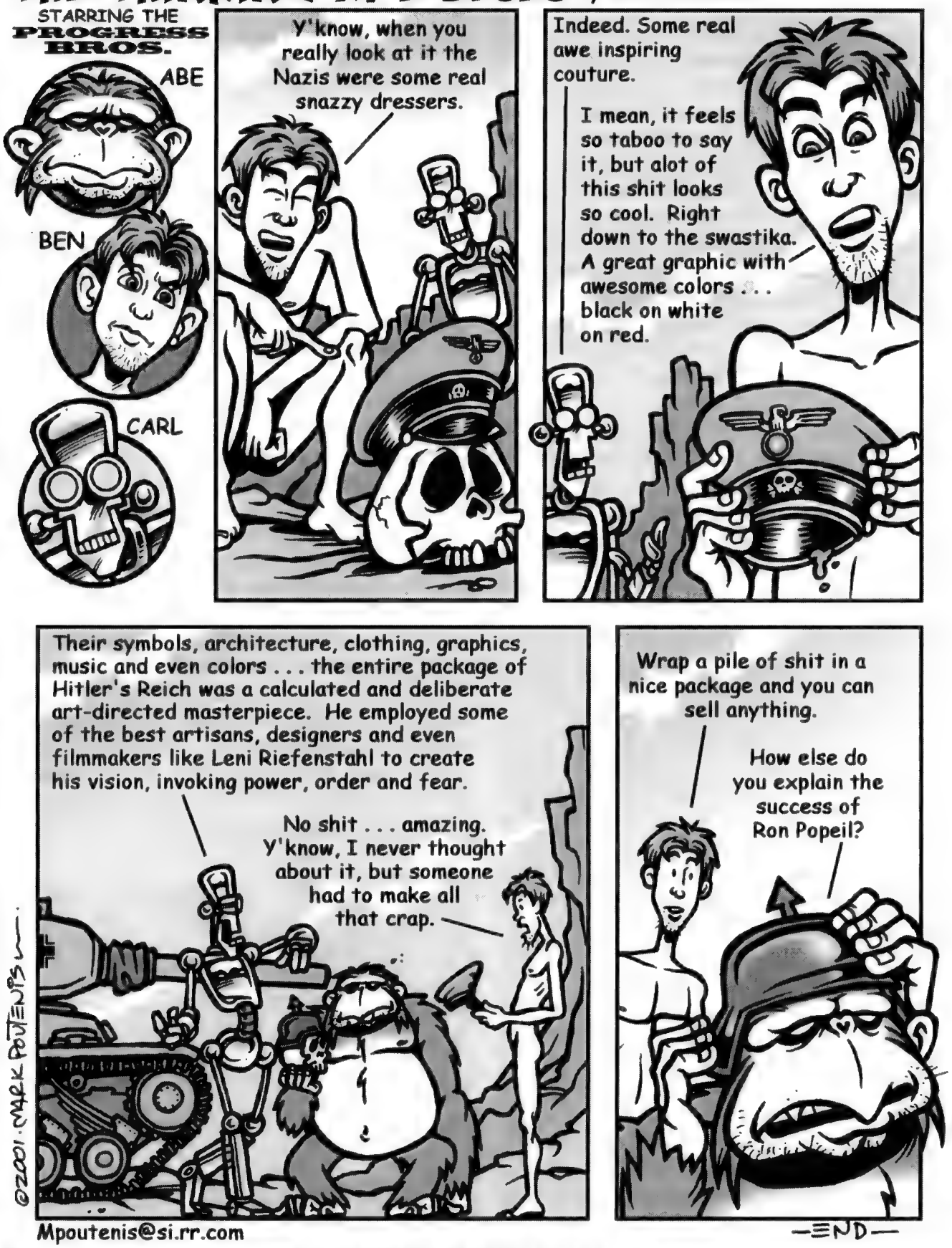
KB: Did Thompson help you get your first recording contract?

WJ: Yes. A guy in his band named Billy Gray - who actually fronted Hank's band and wrote songs with him. Well, Hank wanted to get him recording and help me too so he killed two birds with one stone - we went to his house where he had professional recording equipment, and cut a dub of "Heartbreak Ahead." Eventually, I recorded that on Capitol. Then, Billy Gray did a dub. Well, Decca said they didn't feel like they could use two new singers at that time, but if we could do a duet, then they'd be interested. Hank had a publishing company and he and Billy found this cute song called, "You Can't Have My Love." They wanted to record it in California, so we all went out to Hollywood and recorded that and some other songs, but the duet was the first one they released. I was more than a little bit unhappy about that because I didn't want to become known as a duet ^ I didn't want to depend on somebody else, and I knew that was what would happen if that song was a hit. But things turned out fine, the song was a hit [#8 on Billboard's Country Charts in 1954] and I went on to be a solo.

KB: You did Hank Thompson's TV show where they broadcast the first live color shows. What do you remember about that?

WJ: I know the lights were ferocious. It was new. I remember them telling us not to wear white, black or stripes. TV make-up was a little bit different back then, but I always did my own make-up anyway. But Hank invited me to be a regular on the show and he put up with some really bad stuff. I was scared to death because I started forgetting my words. Now during the first week, well that can happen to anybody. The second week it was kind of funny that I forgot 'em again. By about the third and fourth week, I was getting so scared and nervous and Hank would just laugh and laugh - he thought that was so funny. One time he caught me after I had written all the key words of a song on the inside of my hands. I'd swing my hand up, take a look, and sing some more. (Laughs.) But all he ever did was hug me and kiss me on the forehead and say, "That's OK, you're going to make it."

THE THINKING APE BLUES by Mark Poutenis



Mpoutenis@si.rr.com

—END—

THE REVENGE BOOK

Bob Smith (2000)
Paladin Press

This issue, I'd like to review "The Revenge Book," one of the many fine publications which can be obtained at the Spy Shop on Sunset Blvd. in LA. Now, if we were living in a world run by Mr. Roper's Company, then the proposed planned actions of revenge would be most fitting. Outside of that, it's most likely you'll make a complete fool or ass of yourself for attempting any of these ploys.

Inside are dozens of ideas for seeking revenge; most which have no conceivable way of working in the modern world we live in. It took a mastermind like Smith to brew up this mischievous concoction of trickery, which the publisher understandably offers "for entertainment purposes only!"

Almost all vengeance solutions involve the assumption that the victim is a man with a wife. Here's a few of Bob Smith's suggested revenge tactics:

EVIL EYE

Cut a gigantic eye out of a magazine, paste it onto a sheet of paper, and mail it to your victim. This will serve as his first hint that someone is watching him.

CONCLUSION: Holy shit, vengeance is yours!

SEPTIC SHENANIGANS

Get a friend to go to the victim's home and pretend he's a salesman of some sort. While he's there, have him stuff a wash cloth far down into the commode. This will cause the commode to overflow bountifully and without warning. Depending on the commode's design, it may flood the whole first floor of the victim's house!

CONCLUSION: Yeah, right! Somehow, you have to convince a "friend" to pose as "a salesman of some sort." And like all "salesmen of some sort" he'll obviously be permitted to use the bathroom and shove his hand down a commode. Vengeance is yours!

HANGING ON THE TELEPHONE

Anytime you're out of town, place a long-distance collect call to the victim's home. Have the operator say that it's his brother John or sister Jane calling (you'll have to know these names). When he accepts the call, put down the pay phone and walk away.

CONCLUSION: Vengeance is yours!

DOOR TO DOOR DILEMMA

If the victim is a door-to-door salesman, follow him to the neighborhood where he's working that day. Then call the police, say you're a resident of that neighborhood, and complain that he's bothering you or even threatening you. Describe him and his car to the cops.

CONCLUSION: This is a great way to get back at door-to-door salesmen who you want to seek vengeance on. The probability of his working is equal to making your own functioning jetpack. Vengeance is clearly yours!

MYSTERIOUS MESSAGE

While he's at lunch, call his office and ask for him. When the person who answers the phone tells you he isn't there, say you're a druggist. Explain that he bought two tubes of Preparation H at your store, then ran off and forgot them.

CONCLUSION: What the fuck?!

BRIEF MESSAGE

Mail the victim a pair of panties. Have the package marked "Personal" in a feminine hand (this will intrigue his wife). Enclose a short note: "Hope these remind you of us!"

CONCLUSION: Think of the complications this will cause!!!

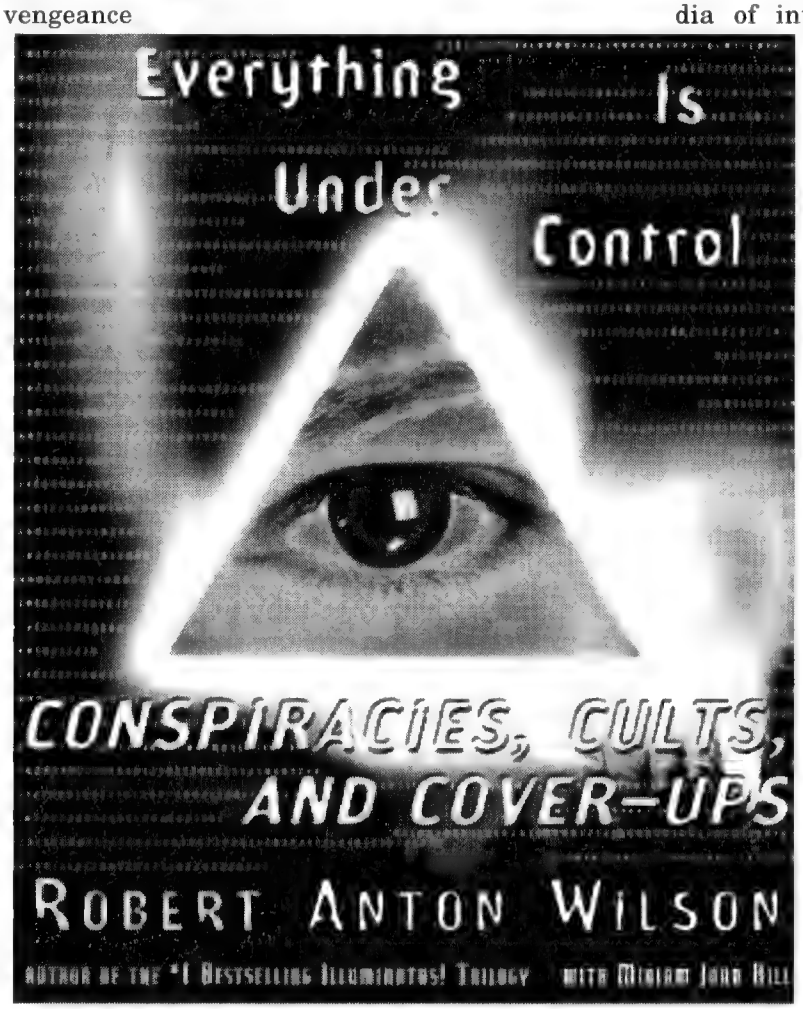
If one follows these methods, they are sure to make a complete ass of themselves. Hats off to Bob Smith for coming up with a book full of revenge tactics which would work in some sort of alternative universe of yesteryear.

A. Nonymous

Everything Is Under Control

Robert Anton Wilson(1998)
Harper

The truth is indeed out there. Still, hard to find. For those of us in the know it is simply a matter of belief in the concept of manufactured consent. A premise not bandied about in polite society but one easily understood once elucidated.



Robert Anton Wilson, avatar of conspiriology, author of more than thirty books, including the cult Illuminatus! Trilogy, does the illuminating in this guide to the more noteable conspiracies, cults and cover-ups.

In a nutshell, the aforementioned theory postulates that as all the major media is owned by the wealthy few, the public is fed only what those wealthy few want us to know.

Other viewpoints, criticism of what we are told to believe,ect., are marginalized so that "only those devoted to research can ever find them."

Robert has done the research for us, bless him. And provided web sites, cross references and book titles to help you flesh and suss things out. The result is a "Demonic Dictionary," a veritable encyclopedia of intrigue containing everything necessary for your understanding. But fear not well educated one, while the way-out is here, the kooky has been excised. This tome presents only theories which specify persons or groups, i.e. names of real people and/or organizations with fixed addresses, responsible for the misery affecting each and every one of us. We're not talking George Bush vs Al Gore here, folks, but pollution, AIDS, death, drugs and taxes. Oh, the political stuff is here all right. You'll learn why CIA is a euphemism for the CIA, who's in bed with whom and who runs the world.

None of which will matter to you once you learn that THEY are too firmly in control thanks to a system which over hundreds of years has been perfected so as to be virtually foolproof.

The system, of course, is you, and you, you poor ignoramus, be the fool. The "you" that doesn't believe in conspiracies or cults or cover-ups. The you that blindly follows the rules. The "you" that just wants to be left alone with your two-car garage and twelve hundred square foot house in an artlessly constructed suburb miles from everywhere. Or the "you" that thinks learning

gets you nowhere and so best to fight the man by dealing drugs or joining a gang or sitting in your parent's basement watching cable all day long.

Okay, go ahead and laugh, but listen: a great man, one of the most brilliant who ever lived, heard your harsh croak of cynical laughter centuries ago. His name, and you may know it, was Voltaire. He believed that to deny all possiblity of conspiracy anywhere is to essentially ascribe every major and minor fuck-up to human stupidity. Or to say, as Mr. Wilson so neatly puts it: " . . . that the extent of human stupidity is roughly equal to what mathematicians contemplate when they speak of The Infinite." That's absurd. Not to mention untenable.

So wake up. Start thinking for yourself. Your own government admits it's complicity in the assassination of John F. Kennedy, the continuing ability of the Mafia to ply their trade, the dousing of thousands of citizens with LSD (OK, OK, that last bit ain't so terrible bad). None of which would ever have come to light without "crackpots" refusing to accept the party line.

You don't have to put your life on the line if you aren't in the mood for becoming a martyr. Just keep an open mind and don't be so ready to add coals to the fire the next time you see some poor sod at a cocktail party trying to douse the flames of indignation which have arisen over his take on Roswell or the New World Order.

Yeah, sure, maybe the aliens didn't crash land in New Mexico but would it surprise you to know that almost every one of our Presidents, except for Kennedy who was a Catholic, was a Freemason. It's true. Start with that.

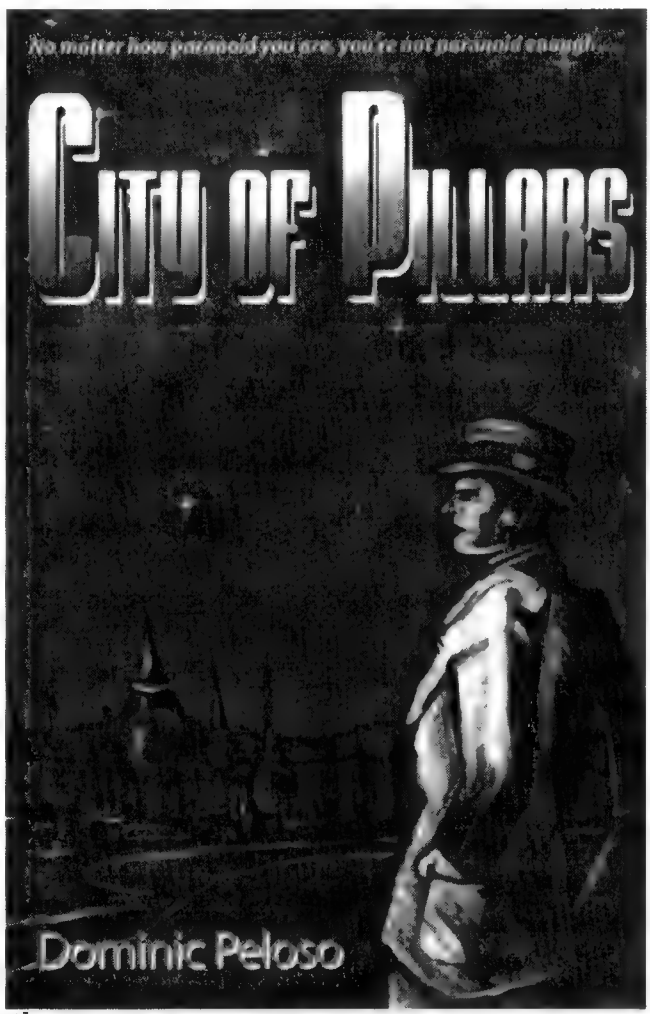
Then work your way inward.

Dom Salemi

CITY OF PILLARS

Dominic Peloso (2000)
Invisible College Press

The author, a CIA operative and Kabbalist, takes the hoary plot device of an innocent hunted by murderous operatives to delirious new heights in this crudely fashioned but gripping entertainment.



Abraham Mitchell Sinclair is just your average San Francisco lawyer on the fast track. One day, while waiting in the Golden Gate Bridge toll line in his black 1958 Cadillac Sedan, a toll collector, unusually dressed in a black business suit, tosses a package into his lap. Unwrapping it almost as an afterthought after he gets to his office, Sinclair discovers a manuscript written in several different languages.

Returning to his law firm the next day after wrestling with the text that night, Sinclair finds everyone in the building murdered and a bomb in his desk.

Thus, begins a journey to the four corners of the globe. And into madness. Of a sort.

While our protagonist is litle more than a cruedly drawing hysteric, Peloso does a nice job of interweaving a number of the more fabulous conspiracy theories with outlandish mystical religious beliefs to fashion a narrative that manages to hang together despite crossing over and back into the absurd.

Dom Salemi

The Mammoth Encyclopedia of the Unsolved

Colin Wilson & Damon Wilson (2000) Carroll & Graf

One of the biggest mysteries here is why this six hundred plus page compendium is called The Mammoth Encyclopedia when it's published by Carrol & Graf but never mind.

What we have here is a collection of the more intriguing historical unanswerables, the ones that provide proof positive that there is a fine line between insanity and plausibility.

What was it that Sherlock Holmes said? Once you've ruled out the impossible, whatever is left, no matter how improbable, is the truth. So we don't dismiss out of hand the possibility of a prehistoric monster at the bottom of Loch Ness or an alien crash landing at Roswell, New Mexico; we investigate, we ask questions.

To do otherwise, to convince oneself that the universe is a perfectly rational and logical place, Mr. Wilson contends, is to fall into a kind of apathy in which the mind loses all sense of purpose. Like all your friends, family and neighbors.

The first step towards escape from this mindset is, after purchasing this volume of course, is to recognize that the humdrum of our hurlyburly world is a delusion, and make an effort to tear aside the "curtains of everydayness" that surround us.

This encyclopedia of the unsolved is an attempt to catch a few glimpses - Bigfoot, Kaspar Hauser, the location of the Mona Lisa - that lie on the other side of that curtain.

A lovely metaphor and evidence enough of the manner in which Colin Wilson takes the most ridiculous nonsense and makes it absolutely gripping reading.

Dom Salemi

The Life Of God (As Told By Himself)

Franco Ferruci (1996)
University of Chicago Press

Goodness sakes alive, whatever can I properly say about this one? Just put it down and I know that I need to say something before the memories of the read start to shimmer and disappear into the mists of my personal past.

Even as God Himself has problems with His memory, to which He freely admits throughout this wonderful, inexplicable, occasionally annoying, often times rewarding tale.

The thing operates at several levels simultaneously and steadfastly refuses to maintain any one guise.

Part of the attraction of the book is how it has the uncanny ability to keep you expecting something really cool about to happen shortly but never delivering.

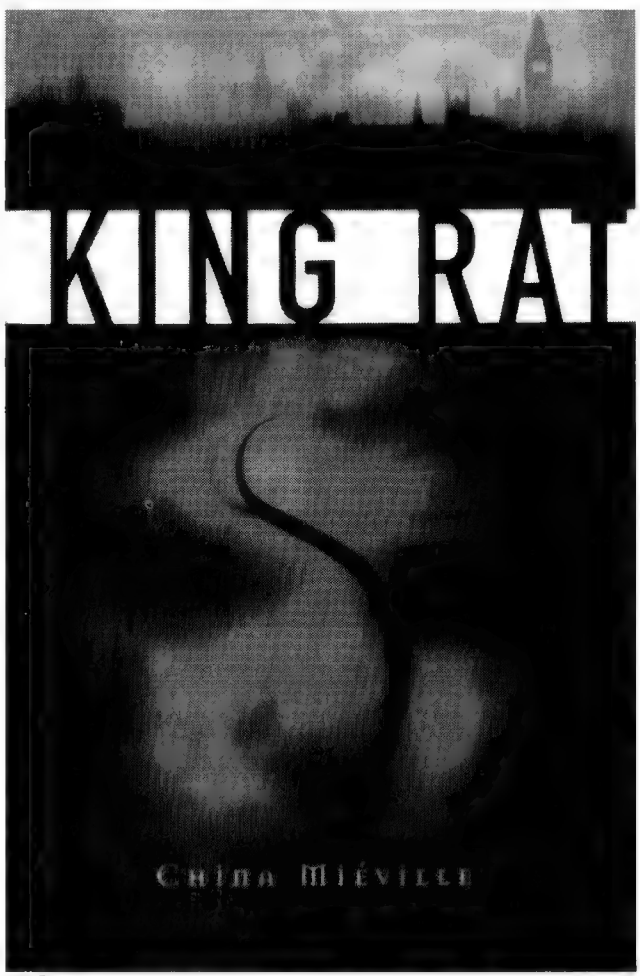
All the while feeding you all sorts of other things that you weren't really expecting and that after suitable contemplation you discover were quite cool in and of themselves. At which point, you go right back into expecting all over again only to be rewarded as before. Weird.

Outrageously iconoclastic, the story rebuilds the icons, phoenix-like, from their own casts, to wit:

Moses is an ambitious bastard, up to no good.

Mary is a prostitute.

Jesus drank too much.



God's not fully in control of pretty much anything at all, especially those things he creates, and is stumped for answers to even the most simple of questions.

And yet, despite the story's wry distortions, epic questions get puzzled over and given their due. And the due they are given is worthy.

Damned if I know what to say about this novel other than that thou shouldst read God, memorize God as best as possible, and then go regurgitate God all over the hard-shell, fundamentalist, dipshit of your choosing.

Add, embellish, and generally modify things as whim and circumstance dictate as this fucker's got some awfully good ammunition packed away inside of it. Ammunition the liberal use of which God clearly intended.

James MacLaren

King Rat

China MiÈville (1998)
Tor, trade paperback

China MiÈville's second novel, Perdido Street Station, this year won one of the big splash/little pond science fiction awards. Despite this, his debut novel, King Rat, is excellent.

It deals with a young man named Saul, whose mother is dead when the tale begins.

He arrives home to find that his father's been murdered. Worse, he's the main suspect. So he runs, and in doing so runs smack into an underworld London akin to, but in no solid way echoing, that found in Neil Gaiman's Neverwhere.

It's a London of shadows, sewers, and sudden deaths. When Saul is arrested, he's rescued by a huge, mysterious figure capable of comic book feats such as carrying Saul as he climbs a sheer wall. I'm King Rat, this fellow tells Saul. He proves to be just that, king of the rats.

Except he's had his rightful place usurped, and seeks revenge. To regain his kingdom, King Rat needs Saul. Why? Saul's lineage isn't what he'd thought, not at all.

A journey into his own life and through many scenes of unearthly London underground ensue.

It's a well-paced, thoughtful book that misses precious few moves even as it slams the reader through layers and levels of refer-

ence and imagery.

Turns out there's a spider king, and a bird king, too. And a fellow who plays killer flute. In fact, the underground music scene in London is explored thoroughly and with gusto.

Those who hadn't known learn about Bass and Drum and other esoteric musical movements such as Jungle.

The power of music to move us is explored, but there is no dry philosophical nattering. It's all done with story, with drive, and with panache.

Part updated folk tale - one based on real events, incidentally; ask the folks of Hamelin, Germany - part baroque horror novel, and part variation on an emerging subculture, King Rat evokes so many sensory responses that it's like experiencing a guided tour of a heavenly hell no one dares mention in the cold light of day.

Pay the price and follow the leader; it's enchanting.

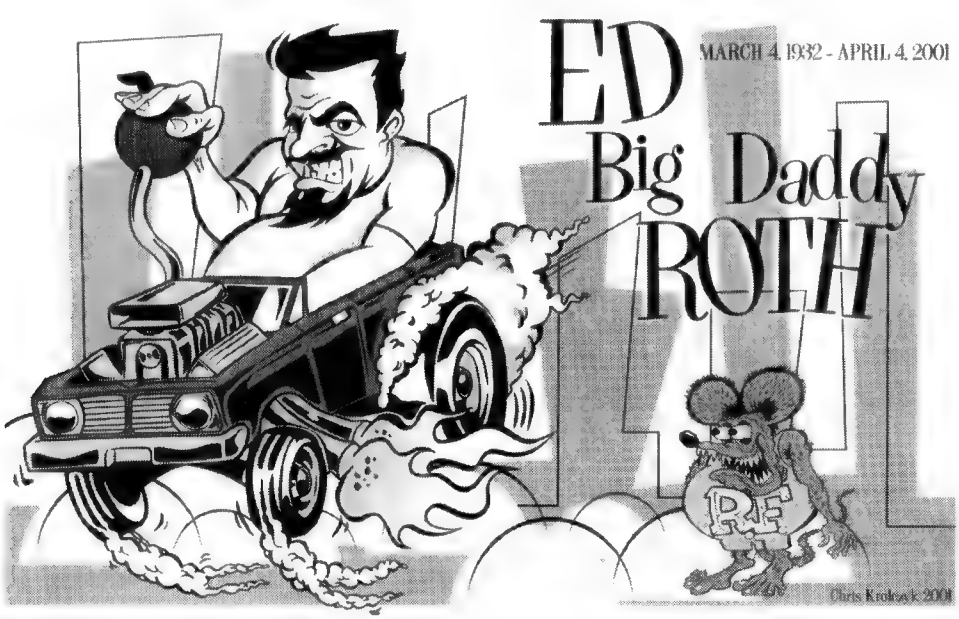
Gene Stewart

TOTH-One for the Road

Edited by Manuel Auad (2000)
Auad Publishing

Ed 'Big Daddy' Roth has gone to that big drag-strip in the sky. So, Death be not proud, for indeed, you bite the Big One. But I have come not to bury Roth but to praise comic artist Alex Toth (another 20th century original, and still breathing cult-figure). Toth archivist Manuel Auad continues his line of high-toned publishing projects with a monster compilation of the artistís comics for Pete Millarís sixties-era DRAG Cartoons. Now, anyone who remembers actually being able to leaf through such a comic mag on a supermarket newsstand ("Hey, kid, this isn't a library!") has probably been walking around in a daze ever since, trying to fill the emotional void engendered by its extinction with illicit drugs and indiscriminate sex. This will no longer be necessary.

Roth himself is a character in the first section of the book. The episodes in question, casting Big Daddy as a dim-bulb and time-and-dimension-trotting hipster, seem particularly surreal in a book that isn't all that grounded in reality to begin with. After all, Dragula the Horror Host, Granny McGo!, and Tirezan of the Apehangers are also prominently featured. It's all as brassy, stupid, loud and slangy as Toth's superlative, stripped down linework can make it. He seems genetically linked to MAD's Mort Drucker in places, but there's no disputing the fact that the legendary inkslinger owns anything he lays down. Dig it the most!



Larry Rodman

COMIC BOOK ARTIST #9 (2000)
COMIC BOOK ARTIST #12 (2001)
Two Morrows

I'm often dragged into the under tow of questionable culture. Stuff that by rights shouldn't exist, being perhaps too complex, fucked up, weird, or off the track. Stuff that naturally subverts 'correct' perceptions and proprieties even within the orthodoxies of specific cults. Propriety, within the comic book field, which is often a pretty relative construct.

And that is the most grandiose introduction ever devised on the topic of Charlton Comics, though the two super-deluxe Charlton-themed editions of the magazine Comic Book Artist have come close.

Comic Book Artist, published by Two Morrows, and edited by the indefatigable Jon E. Cooke, bucks the trend of the fawning celebrity interview by searching out interviewees who can in no way be considered famous, notable, or even present-and-accounted-for in the has-been pecking order. God bless him, Cooke has built a very fine magazine in part by being one of fandom's most enthusiastic bottom feeders. (This is not to say that Cooke and company aren't also favored by the great, near great, and unfairly passed over. They often do excellent stuff within a very narrow critical field.) But the whole Charlton Comics thing (which I will explain shortly) has been the true test of Comic Book Artists obsessive approach with pages upon pages thick with indulgent navel-gazing. How else are we gonna find out this amazing documentary style shit about the true insider worker bees of the industry? In not bothering to separate the wheat from the chaff, Comic Book Artist ends up with some very revealing chaff.

The simple version of the

Charlton story (I refer you to the CBA marathon for the real deal) is that the company started out as a family concern that printed up song-lyric magazines (not sheet music, just the words to songs) unencumbered by such frivolities as copywrite law. Oddly, over time, this and other endeavors were so successful that Charlton, based in Derby Connecticut, grew into a self-contained, self-perpetuating publishing conglomerate. There are romantic rumors of Mob involvement, but that probably had to do with the original founders being roughneck Italians. Charlton introduced comic books into the mix apparently solely as a productivity measure - to keep the presses operating 24/7.

Years went by, and with comics fandom emergent, Charlton became a reliable source of dreck, interesting attempts, or holding pen for the renegade brilliance of journeymen in decline. Whatever the case, their titles were so dependably available that they would be purchased by default, like bad straight-to-video knockoffs of Disney flicks. What made this company particularly interesting is the policy of paying talent really, really badly, but super promptly. So a greenhorn, or some horrible social misfit who simply couldn't stomach working for the majors anymore, could turn out reams of expeditious crap, and count on barely getting by.

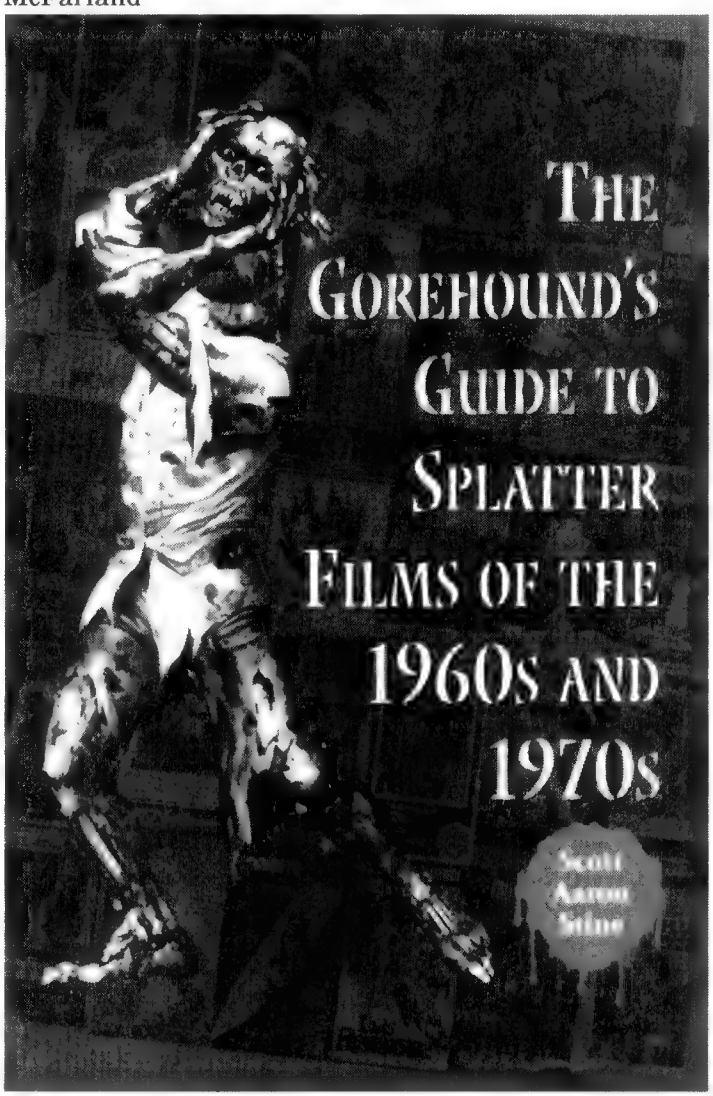
The cast of Charlton characters is too varied to get into here; this is only a review of the promiscuous Comic Book Artist, after all. But the near-complete lack of editorial standards abetted some whacked-out and inspired work by artists such as Tom Sutton, Pat Boyette, and Sam Glanzman. Paradoxically, the only major abstention in the interview process is comic genius Steve Ditko (originator of Marvel's Spiderman and Dr. Strange), a long-term associate of the now defunct company; a shadowy, fanatical artist who's foresworn publicity for life.

Anyway, check out the highly recommended CBA #9 (1945 - 1968) and #12 (1972 - 1983) for the in-depth company overview. These issues really recreate the era in ways that you will be amazed anyone found necessary. And search out comic shop remainder boxes for actual titles bearing the imprint of this frisky bastard brand.

Larry Rodman

THE GOREHOUND'S GUIDE TO SPLATTER FILMS OF THE 1960s AND 1970s

Scott Aaron Stine (2001)
McFarland

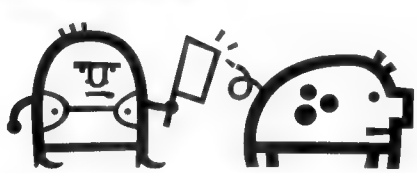


Yes, the movie guide for the fanatics who dare not speak the genre's name. Still, we are legion and we may be found in damp, dimly lit basements across the world, endlessly watching and rewatching atrocities like Blood Feast and Anthropophagus.

In this, the first of a projected three volume work, Scott Aaron Stine seeks to make the disreputable, reputable. Impossible of course, but thanks to Mr. Stine's wit, aplomb and, most importantly, exquisite good taste - he believes Day of the Dead is the best of the Dead flicks, considers Suspiria delicious but overrated - the reader can jump in anywhere and not fail to be enormously entertained. While any volume which fails to mention the groundbreaking work of Ray Dennis Steckler and William Castle can hardly claim to be an exhaustive study, even the most discerning trash fiend will take delight in research unearthing such nuggets as Brian de Palma mining an obscure early 70s Spanish film for his adaptation of Stephen King's Carrie.

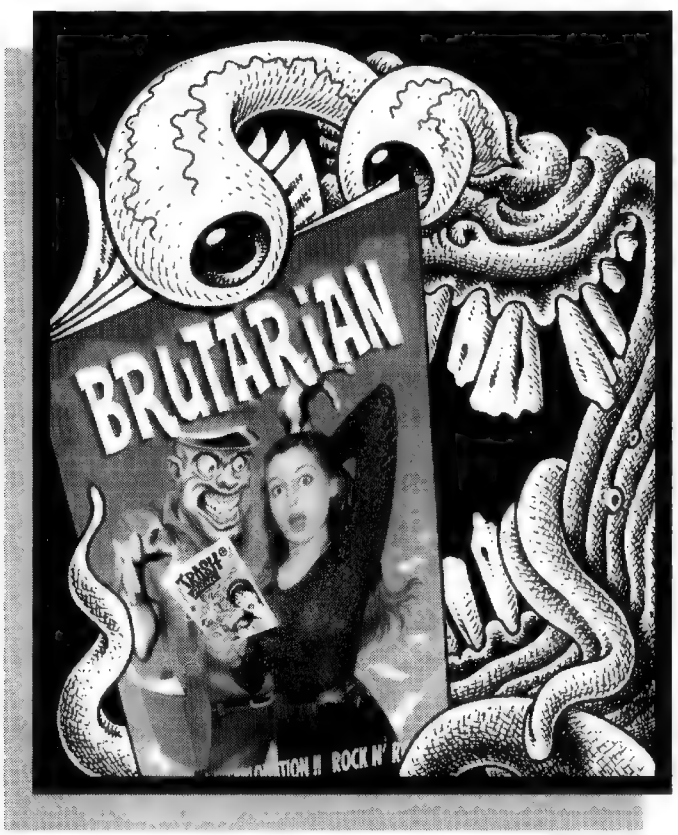
Dom Salemi

Splatter film: a particularly violent offshoot of the horror film which no one save sociopaths or the marginally employed admits to watching.



TRASH Palace

CONGRADULATES
BRUTARIAN
ON A DECADE OF DEBAUCHERY!



HOME OF THE uBANGis

KEEP UP THE GOOD WORK GUYS!!

www.trashpalace.com

Brian D. Horrorwitz, proprietor

PLEASE CHECK OUT OUR WEBSITE FOR...

RARE MOVIES ON VIDEOTAPE

EROTICA! HORROR! GIALLO! BLAXPLOITATION! SPAGHETTI WESTERN! ROCK-N-ROLL! MORE!!

CULT MOVIES ON DVD!

SANTO! DOLEMITE! JESS FRANCO! MEXICAN HORROR! MORE!!

PLUS ORIGINAL MOVIE POSTERS, SOUNDTRACKS ON CD AND LP, BOOKS, MAGS, TOYS AND CRAP!!

email us at: brian@trashpalace.com **call us at: 301-698-9556**

NEW ADDRESS: TRASH PALACE, P.O. BOX 1972, FREDERICK, MD 21702-0972 USA

Check out cartoonist Stephen Blickenstaff's website at http://www.geocities.com/sblickenstaff

First, Catch Your Demon

By Graham Joyce

Illustrations by Dee Rimbaud

I must have known they were there because some dark instinct jolted me awake. I sat upright in bed. The shutters were closed against the Sirocco heat and there wasn't even the light from a single star. Fumbling for the matches I kept at the side of the bed, I lit an oil lamp. Not until then did I feel confident enough to swing my legs out of the bed without stepping on one of the disgusting things.

I lit two other oil lamps and the flame dancing behind each glass despatched skittering shadows across the floor. Not helping at all. It was stifling. I opened the wooden shutters and the heat rolled over me. It was 4.00 a.m. I looked under the bed. I looked behind the cupboard. I lifted the mat at the door. I knew they were there somewhere because a voice in my dreams had warned me, and I take these things seriously. I didn't know whether to walk down to the water to throw myself in or to try to go back to sleep. Then I saw them. Three. My grandmother used to have three ceramic flying ducks on her living room wall. In the Eighties, it was ironic-kitsch to display three Volkswagen Beetles, or three pot Supermen in strict formation. Such is our cleverness. But here in my beach house on the Greek island of Karpathos I'd managed to trump them with three live scorpions. In ascending order: big, bigger, biggest. The largest not more than six inches away from where my dreaming head had slumbered moments earlier.

We should trust our dreams. They are trying to help us.

Well, I didn't like them, the scorpions. I'd heard they like to get into shoes and other warm, moist places. Perhaps if I"d been less of a lout I would have behaved like a proper Naturalist, making sketches of these beautiful creatures, taking scholarly notes about their habitat and behavior. But I'm not and I didn't. Plus I was thinking defensively about my own warm, moist places.

I marched outside to my patio kitchen and reached for a heavy iron skillet. Aspro, a feral white cat living on scraps from my table, looked puzzled. I weighed the frying pan in my right hand, returned to the scorpions and hit Number One so hard that what didn't stick to the underside of the skillet left a scorpion-shaped applique on the wall. Bang went number two, and fuck you all the way to hell you slimy carapace, thou whoreson zed, thou mere cipher. I was saying all this and lining up for the hat-trick when Number Three, coming to its senses, dropped from the wall, scuttling toward my bare feet, sting cocked. I jumped on my bedside chair, tipping over the oil lamp. The glass smashed and the burning oil spilled on the stone floor, raising a small curtain of flame between me and the surviving scorpion. I have heard that a scorpion encircled by fire will sting itself to death. Nonsense. Undeterred by the conflagration in its path, the scorpion-almost casually-stepped through the fire and

came to a swaggering halt at the foot of the chair. Its sting remained cocked. My six-foot height advantage notwithstanding, it raised its pincers at me like a species of English football hooligan, beckoning me on.

Then Aspro the cat appeared, and, properly challenged, the scorpion retreated to a crevice at the foot of the wall and was gone. I climbed down from my ridiculous perch and extinguished the small fire with a glass of water. I examined the bottom of the skillet, where the crushed scorpions comprised no more than flimsy crisps of brown carapace and mucous. I let the cat have what it wanted, and anyway it saved me from having to clean the underside of the skillet. Aspro chewed thankfully and licked his paws.

"Sometimes, Aspro, you disgust me."
The heat blanket made me sigh. Sweat ran in my eyes, down my back, trickled in my groin. There was no possibility of my going back to sleep. I decided to go and climb in the rowing boat, where at least I could sit with my feet in the water. I pulled on some shorts and Aspro followed me along the garden path to the boat. I pulled up short. Someone was sitting in my boat. I didn't know who it could be. I had no friends and I discouraged all neighbours and strangers.

The sea was still, like oil, bearing a dermis of moonlight, but suffocating under the Sirocco heat. The small, silhouetted figure was hunched over the prow of the small rowing boat, gazing into the water. I stood under the fig tree at the gate to my garden, contemplating what to do. Aspro looked up at me as if to say, what next?

"You're in my boat," I said fiercely. I don't like visitors, invited or otherwise. I don't like people bothering me. I expected the intruder to be startled, or to spin round, or to take fright in some way. But the figure continued to gaze into the water.

"Yes."

It was a woman's voice. I took a few steps closer, and I pulled up for a second time. There was a naked woman in my boat.

"You're in my boat," I repeated, stupidly. This time she turned languidly to face me. She sat with her knees drawn up together under her chin.

"You don't mind."

It wasn't a question. It was a statement. Actually I did mind. I didn't want anyone around my place. Least of all a woman. Least of all a naked woman. I had to make an effort to avert my eyes from her breasts and the plump curve of her legs. Her lustrous black hair was cut in a fashionable bob. Her dark eyes trawled me with venery laziness. She made no effort to cover herself. Indeed I could not see any clothes with which she might.

"Look, if it really upsets you I'll get out of your boat," she said. She stood up. Her skin

was slightly wet. The weak moonlight slithered along her flanks like phosphorescence and her pubic bush glimmered with droplets of seawater. I felt petty.

"No, you don't have to get out. I was just startled to see you there."

She sat again.

"I've been swimming. To get out of the heat."

"Alone? You shouldn't swim at night alone. There are currents."

"You're concerned for me? That's nice. But I wasn't alone. I went swimming with my two sisters. But when I turned around I couldn't find them."

"Where? Where did you swim from?"
She gestured vaguely in the direction of Mesahori, where the illumined, whitewashed church squatted on a freakish outcrop of rock. I doubted she'd swum that far, but I didn't say anything.

"Go get some wine from your house. Let's drink together."

I was taken aback by her commanding tone. So much so that I found myself returning to my kitchen for a bottle and two beakers. I also found her a towel.

"I don't have a cooler," I said grumpily on returning to the boat. I tossed her the towel.

"Does it bother you?"

"Please just cover up."

"I meant does it bother you, living without electricity."

"Not at all. If you live without electricity you let other things into your life. Cheers."

"Cheers to you."

Her name was Sasha. When she told me she was a writer I felt my teeth grinding. The writers I have known have all been drunks, dreamers, deceivers and frauds. That was just the successful ones. I should know. I was an editor. I was the one who had to deal with these whining, self-centered, immature psychopaths for a living. Anyway, after divulging this piece of information she looked at me in anticipation of the usual questions. Perhaps she expected me to be interested, but I let it go.

We smoked cigarettes and drank the wine. The moon's image floated unbroken on the water. After a while Sasha produced a battered-looking reefer, and asked me for a light. She took a deep toke before passing it to me.

There was something disturbing about Sasha, something sexually ambiguous. She was simultaneously attractive and repulsive. As I squinted at her through the smoke from the joint, she ran her tongue along her upper lip, chasing the diamond-like beads of sweat there. Meanwhile I inhaled the smoke deeply and held it back for a long time, trying to impress myself. The smoke itself had a peculiar taste and odour. That is, another odour beyond the obvious scent of the beneficial herb. I couldn't put my finger on it.

"If you swam here, how did you keep the reefer dry?"

She took the joint and inhaled passionately, holding my gaze until she blew out a plume of smoke. Then she winked.

I was appalled. I got out of the boat and walked back up to the vine-covered patio of my house. I had a hammock slung there, and I slumped into it. When I opened my eyes she was sitting nearby in a wicker chair, with her knees drawn up under her chin. I don't know why I'd bothered to give her the towel.
I had an unpleasant thought.

"You should be careful," I said. "This place is infested with scorpions."

"Excellent! Where? Show me."

I was a little taken aback by this response, though I lazily indicated that they were crawling all over the shop.

"Got a jar?" she said, springing to her feet. Without waiting for an answer she picked up a glass jam jar I used for burning candles outside. "If there's one around, I'll find it." She got down on her hands and knees, and, taking a draw on the joint, began blowing smoke into the cracks between the concrete floor and the external walls, moving methodically along the patio. I watched her do this for a few minutes and was about to speak when a medium sized scorpion scuttled out of the crevices. She deftly trapped it under the jar.

"Hand me a knife. A big one."

I swung out of the hammock and passed

her a long-bladed kitchen-knife. Lifting the jar half an inch, she maneuvered the knife into place and expertly amputated the segmented abdominal tail from the creature. Satisfied, she lifted the jar, keeping her knife on the still-twitching tail. She picked up the disarmed scorpion, which was thrashing its lobster-like claws.

"You can go, now," she said, planting a kiss on its back. She set it down on the concrete, and it would have scuttled away, but Aspro the cat, having watched all these proceedings, pounced and ate it.

This seemed to displease Sasha. Still on her knees, she hissed at the cat. Aspro, chewing heartily, jumped back into the shadows. Murmuring something about hating cats, Sasha went on to give me a lesson in scorpion anatomy.

"The glands are at this end of the tail. You don't want the venom sac."

"Don't I?"

"No. It would blow you apart. You want the glands, which are in a pair, here. You cut across here-see?-and here. Though I don't know why I"m telling you as you really shouldn't try this at home, as it were."

"As it were."

"You need a tiny drop of olive oil."

"I do?"

"Just the tiniest drop to activate the neurotoxin."

"The what?"

"Have you got any? Any oil?"

I watched her crush the segment shed extracted from the scorpion and mix it with a smear of olive oil. Then she asked me for a cigarette. She pinched a little of the tobacco from the end without breaking the paper, popped in her little mix of godknowswhat and packed that in with the spare tobacco. Then she offered it to me to smoke.

"You must be fucking jesting."

"No."

"You first."

"There's only one pop in it. The thing won't share."

"Then you have it."

"If you insist. I was trying to give you a treat."

"A treat? What a pretty idea."

She shrugged, and made to light up the concoction for herself. She struck a match and some cast to her eye, perhaps a glance of contempt as she looked across the naked flame at me, made me ask,

"What does it do?"

"Oh for God's sake. Do you want it or not?"

I stepped up to her, snatched the cigarette from between her lips, and put it to my own mouth. I could taste her lips on the filter. I grabbed her hand to steady the flame and put it to the tip of the cigarette. Catchlight from the watery moon flared briefly in her eye. I puffed on the cigarette and wiped sweat from my brow.

"Hold it deep in your lungs."

I took another draw but nothing happened. Again, and this time something sizzled in the ciggie's red cone. I got a lungful, held it back; still nothing. Then my head cracked against

the moon. When I say my head cracked against the moon, I mean that literally. There was a sound like a ten thousand decibel mosquito and my brain inflated at unconscionable velocity, rushing outwards at the speed of light. My chin banged on the concrete and my skull smacked up against the moon. (Later I was to realize I'd fallen over, but I didn't know that at the time.

The moon punctured and a shower of milky, resinous light drenched me, forming a brilliant membrane of ectoplasmic light around me, plugging my nostrils, my ears, my mouth. I could barely see through it. I had to hole the membrane to breathe and when I managed to drag the latex shroud off me my ears started popping to the cacophony of night sounds from my garden. I heard a million insects and other wildlife excavating the ground under the house. A wave of heat rolled over me and I knew that I was lying on my back on the ground and that Sasha was fellating me. Every time I tried to open my eyes, all I could see was gold and silver flora exploding. After a moment the flora resolved into the shape of Sasha working away at my cock. At last she hoisted herself onto my chest, her breasts quivering and I could see that from below her navel she was all scorpion and not woman at all. Half-woman, half-arachnid. She had human arms in place of the lobster-like claws, but her body trailed eight legs. I shuddered, and gagged. She wiped her mouth with the back of her hand and smiled at me. Then her venomous sting appeared over her head, quivering slightly, waving from side to side. I made to scream, but no sound would come. The sting dipped, lightly touched my forehead, and I passed out. When I came round it was morning and the bright sunlight lancing through the open shutters hurt my eyes. Someone clattered a pot on my patio kitchen. I swung my legs out of bed, and my vision suffered from a slight strobe effect. My dick was rather sore but apart from these things I felt quite well. I started to pull on some jeans that were lying on the floor; then, not wanting to find a scorpion in my tackle I remembered to shake them out. Sasha was outside making coffee. She must have been back to her own place because now she was wearing a simple black dress. She looked a little too much at home amongst my things.

"Come here," she said, beckoning me off the patio.

"Want to show you something."

I followed her down the path to the white-washed breezeblock lavatory. She'd unearthed a stone near the base of the white wall. Two scorpions were locked in apparent combat.

"Mating is a dangerous business when you're a scorpion," she said.

I looked closer. The creatures had engaged claws and were twitching their tails together. At last they hooked on, each having effectively neutralised the other. Then they proceeded to tug each other back and forth across the stony earth.

"The rocking makes him leave his seed on the ground and she picks it up on her belly."

"Know a lot about scorpions, don't you?" I said, scratching the back of my neck.

"Sure do."

We went back up to the patio. She poured coffee and offered me a cigarette. I looked at it doubtfully.

"There's nothing in it. You don't trust me an inch, do you?"

An inch? I didn't trust her the width of a brain synapse. Speaking of which, parts of my own brain were still tingling in aftershock. I found myself studying her surreptitiously trying to see evidence of her nocturnal carapace. Though I will say she made decent coffee.

She contented herself to hang around all day, sunbathing topless on the apron of grass between my house and the sea, sipping my ouzo and flicking through my magazines. She swam, later trying to wash off the saltwater under the ramshackle shower, but the water drum on the roof was empty and I wasn't going to fill it up for her. No need, she did it herself, filling the bucket from the pump and climbing the ladder to empty the bucket into the drum. After showering she went about with a woman's fixing-up eye. She tidied my kitchen and rearranged my hanging system for my pots and pans. She swept out the room. I didn't like it one bit, but all I could do was growl into the encyclopaedia I was reading and feel the unwanted erection fattening inside my shorts.

"Encyclopaedia? You read encyclopaedias?"

"No. I read one encyclopaedia. This one."

She leaned over me, her nipple an inch from my mouth, like the swollen pip of a pomegranate.

"You're only on C!"

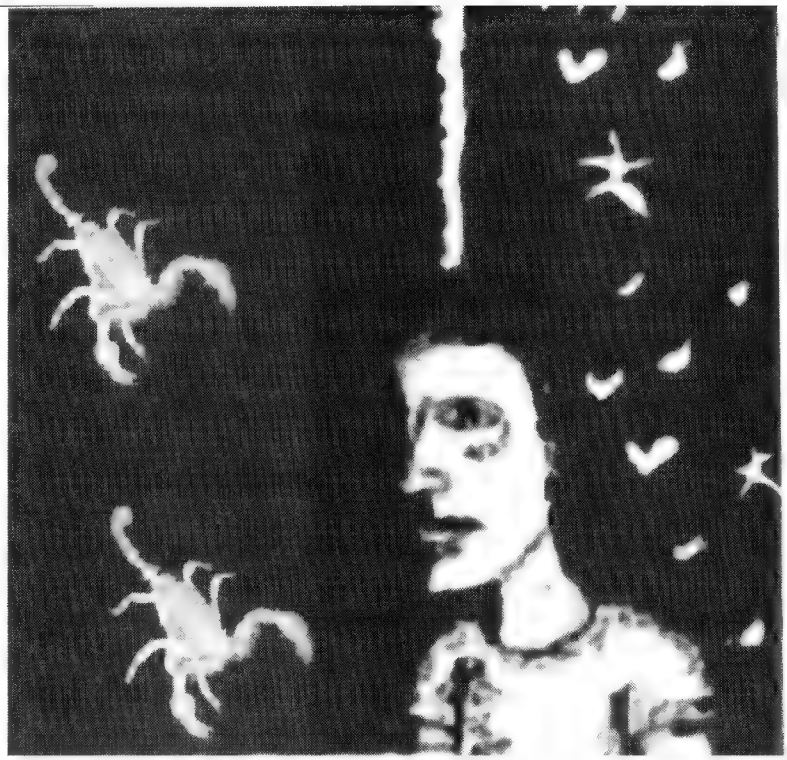
I don't know why she was surprised. It was a large encyclopaedia. "What will you do when you get to the end?"

"I'll start again. Now leave me alone."

"What's the last entry? Let's go straight to the end."

"No."

But she wouldn't leave it. She teased and nudged me and tried to grab the book. At last I banged the encyclopaedia shut and grabbed her



by the wrist, dragging her squealing from the patio into the room. Once inside I bent her over the bed and lifted her black dress over her head. Underneath she was nude. Though she pretended to resist, as I loosened my shorts she spread her legs. Released, my cock bobbed angrily and, with the startling quickness of a ferret into a rabbit hole, buried itself deep inside her. She gasped; and laughed.

I tend to fall asleep after the act. I understand this is supposed to make me a lousy lay. But when I came to moments later, she had massaged me to erection all over again. I couldn't seem to get enough of her, and this pattern was repeated over and over throughout the rest of the afternoon and evening. Just the smell of her inflamed me, and she in turn was determined to suck me dry.

At some point in the evening I got up to grab us something to eat. She followed me outside. We stood nude on the patio as the twilight settled on the water. She stood behind me with her arms around my waist as we watched a night fisherman glide silently by in silhouette, a lantern on the prow of his rowing boat.

"Know what I like about you?" she said. "Your anger. I like it. Why are you so angry?"

I shook my head and struck a match to light the gas stove.

"It doesn't matter. You don't have to say. In fact it's better not to. I understand perfectly.

Because I'm angry, too."

Stars were winking awake. Orion, huge in the sky and hanging low. We stood looking out on the darkening ocean and with the ghostly fisherman gliding through the water, and with her hand stroking my belly, for a moment I felt truly happy. After we'd eaten she gave me something to smoke. I remember stumbling into bed in a daze, and her climbing in after me.

When I awoke it was in the hour just before dawn. She was gone from my side. The shutters were open and a buttery moonlight spilled into the room. Something on the wall moved, but at the periphery of my vision. I turned my head very slowly. It was Sasha, clinging to the wall. Her eyes were half-closed in self-communion. Hanging on the white-washed wall, she defied gravity. I was paralyzed with fright. I pissed the bed. Huge boils of sweat erupted from my skin.

Sasha was nude and as I strained, trembling, to see by what means she clung to the wall I saw, faintly pulsating, like a brown shadow, the scorpion abdomen superimposed over her lower body. My teeth chattered, giving me away. Sasha slowly turned her gaze on me. Then she dropped from the wall and onto my bed with the lightness of a bug. As she crept towards me, her sting appeared from behind her head, wavering before it touched me lightly just below my left temple, and I passed out again.

Examining myself in my cracked shaving mirror the following morning, I found a sizeable lesion on the side of my head. Sasha was already up, frying eggs and bacon in the large skillet. She had tied a tiny apron round her waist as a precaution against the sizzling fat.

"Shouldn't you put some clothes on? Someone might come by."

As I spoke I noticed I counted three scorpion carapaces scattered on the concrete patio. Either Aspro the cat had had a good night's hunting or Sasha had a gland-extraction factory going.

"Good morning Ryan. And no one comes by here. Sleep well?"

"Actually I didn't."

"Kind of grouchy today, aren't you?" She looked up from the chuckling, spitting frying pan.

"What's that on your head?" When I fingered the sore spot, she set the pan aside from the flame and came to look.

"Mosquito bite?" She went back to the eggs.

I sat down at the table.

"That stuff you gave me to smoke the other day. Do you think it could have aftereffects?"

"Sure." She served up the bacon and eggs. "You can get flashbacks for days. Come and eat."

"Not hungry."

Whipping off her apron she straddled me, settling herself on my lap.

"If you're going to keep fucking me seven times a day, you're going to have to keep your strength up." Then she kissed me, but I resisted.

"What's wrong? Tired of me already?"

"I don't feel good."

She put a hand on my forehead, squinting at me doubtfully.

"You seem a little hot. Why don't you take a swim? You'll feel better."

I picked up a towel and padded through the scorched grass down to the beach. I didn't want a swim, but I wanted to get away from her. Why couldn't I just kick her out? Just send her packing? I waded in the water up to my calf muscles, steadying myself against the boat to dodge the sea urchins. Looking back I saw Sasha hunkered over the table, not eating, but engrossed in some new activity.

I returned to the house very quietly, drawing up behind her while she thought I was still swimming. Over her shoulder I could see she was rolling another long joint. The papers were pasted together and the mixture of tobacco and resin was laid out on the paper. In her right hand was a syringe. Her left hand reached behind her head, lifting her hair as her fumbling fingers located a spot behind her ear at the base of her skull. In a shocking movement she jabbed the needle of the syringe into her neck and sharply upwards towards the region

of the cerebellum. She jolted. I gagged, but she didn't seem to notice me behind her. Slowly she drained off some dark fluid into the syringe. When she was done she made as if to squirt the fluid from the syringe onto the contents of the joint.

"What are you doing?" I gasped.

Turning to me slowly, she smiled. The brilliant Aegean sunlight seemed to fizz in her eyes. She dropped the syringe and picked up the reefer, lasciviously rolling her tongue along the sticky paper edge as she proceeded to turn a neat, crafted joint.

"I'm gonna look after you," she twinkled. I swept the table.

"Where's that needle? The syringe, where is it?"

"What?"

The syringe was gone. I looked on the floor. Nothing. There was some cutlery on the table but that was all.

"I saw a syringe. In your hand."

She picked up a stainless steel knife.

"I was just hot-knifing the resin. Give it a crumble. Say, you really are burning up, aren't you?"

I was perspiring insanely, and my temperature was rocketing, it was true. Sasha coaxed me back inside the house in a gentle, wheedling voice.

"I know what you want," she said.

"I told you I'm going to take care of you."

Pushing me back on to the bed she whipped off my shorts and closed her mouth around my cock, sucking me to the point of orgasm. I lay back with my eyes closed, unable to resist. At the instant I ejaculated into her mouth she produced the syringe from somewhere and, bringing it hard down from above her head, jammed it into my buttock.

I was still screaming when the hit came. The first thing that happened was that I felt a scorching heat and my body crackled like cellophane in a fire. I was flung up in the air and out of the house. The roof blew outwards in a million tiny fragments. A golden wind shrieked in my ears as I went up and up, and my skin rippled and rolled with the g-force. I remember corrosive sunlight stinging my eyes as I was sucked high above the clouds, up, up, up. I went ripping up through the stratosphere, through night-shining clouds and then up into a sable darkness, passing through rises and falls of temperature until finally I passed through an exit zone of the atmosphere itself and into space, and although I knew it to be freezing, the raging inner heat of my body was keeping me alive. I was flung in a voracious trajectory, yoked by speed and feeling my bones cracking and resetting until I was reconfigured in a sequence of gleaming stars, major novae pulsating in a pattern almost cruciform, spine and forelimbs, while minor stellar glittered superbly to complete a geometric form, pincers, legs, overhanging tail loaded with brilliant venom, set among the heavens in a place outside the curve of time.

All that of course was hallucination. None of it happened. It was some time before I came to my senses, to find myself back in my beach house. Sasha was still there, patiently awaiting my return. And I was glad she was there. My distaste for her presence had been resolved, and some of the rage inside of me had been drained, or at least transformed.

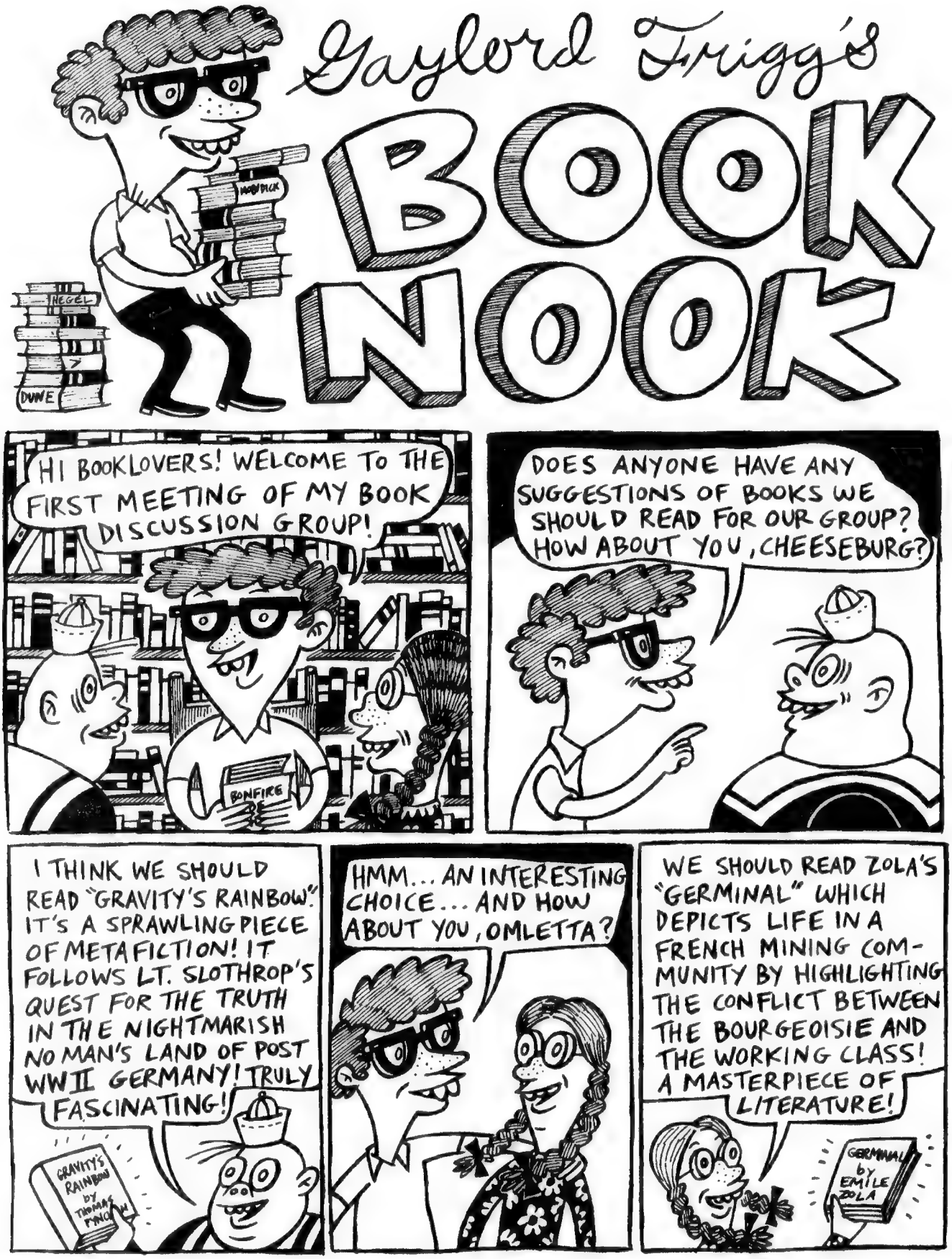
We spend our days together quietly. Often we don't even feel the need to speak, enjoying the companionable silence of old couples. I feel my eyes glaze over and almost in a slumber I am prepared to let the days pass without event. We keep late hours.

Sasha is generous. Should a juicy black spider pop its head from between the cracks, she will let me have first strike as I hone my skills. Sometimes I glance up from my place on the wall to Sasha's place on the wall, and I have almost forgotten to marvel at how easy it is, with the extra limbs, to maintain my grip on the perpendicular. Aspro the cat had to go of course. Sasha doesn't like cats and we had to chase Aspro away.

We await someone else taking over the house. It has been a long time and no one has come, though patience is a virtue Sasha has been able to teach me. Though for some reason I do miss the cat.

END.

Gaylord Trigg's BOOK NOOK



..AND WHAT ABOUT YOU, LOADY? ANY SUGGESTIONS?
I SEZ WE READ KIERON DWYER'S L.C.D.! IT'S JAM-PACKED WITH ALL SORTSA GAGS AND PICTURES OF PEOPLE SHITTING AND RAPING BOYS AND TAKING BIG CRAPS ON EACH OTHER'S FACES! IT'S FUCKIN' HILARIOUS!
LCD
BOX 591134 S.F. CA. 94159-1134
AND THEN WE SHOULD READ DOUG IANNUCCI'S "SHAM"! JUST LOOKIT THIS PICTURE OF A GUY FUCKIN A PIG! HAW HAW HAW!
NISKY MAIL BOX 588 ST. THOMAS VI 00802 % IANNUCCI
AND LOOKIT ALL THESE FUNNY MINI-COMICS FROM MIKE GOETZ! I GET A NEW ONE EVEY WEEK!
2124 ARIZONA AVENUE ROCKFORD IL 61108
ON SECOND THOUGHT WE SHOULD READ BRUNO NADALIN'S "CHURN"! I DON'T KNOW WHETHER TO LAFF OR VOMIT! HAW HAW— BLAAARG!
P.O. BOX 142 HOBOKEN NJ 07030
OR MAYBE WE SHOULD READ PAT LEE'S "TIME'S UP"! GREAT STORIES AND LOTSA PICTURES WHICH IS GOOD FOR ME!
TIME'S UP
280 N. FLORENCE ST. BURBANK CA 91505-3618
COMICS!?! HAHAHA!
GET THE HELL OUTTA HERE, LOADY! EVERYBODY KNOWS COMICS ARE FOR STUPID JERKS!
YEAH!
BAH! WHO NEEDS THOSE ASSHOLES! WE'LL JUST SEE WHO'S IN THE RIGHT! WE'LL JUST SEE!
WHEN WILL IT end!

Joe Lansdale writes fiction boasting a complex flavor unlike any other. He freely mixes horror and humor, western and the surreal with a kind of backwoods Americana to produce a body of work which includes such gems as Razored Saddles, Two-Bear Mambo, The Nightrunners, Something Lumber This Way Comes and Tarzan: The Lost Adventure, a novel co-authored by the late Edgar Rice Burroughs. Lansdale's long list of honors include six Bram Stoker horror awards, a British Fantasy Award, the American Mystery Award, the Horror Critics Award and two New York Times Notable Book awards. He is also a four-time inductee into the International Martial Arts Hall of Fame. He lives in Nacogdoches, Texas with his wife and editor, Karen.

By James Blaschke

Blaschke:

Here are some names for you: William Browning Spencer, Neal Barrett Jr., Howard Waldrop...Joe Lansdale. What is it about Texas that produces such off-the-beaten-path writers?

Lansdale:

You know, I've been asked that before. I certainly can't give a definitive answer but I think part of it is that Texas itself, especially when we were growing up, was a little bit more isolated culturally. And I think that makes you grasp for things that are exciting and interesting. If you have a bent toward creative things you do that even moreso. And so you latch onto all these old horror films and books and comics - especially science fiction when you're young, because it's bright and it's colorful, adventurous and stimulating and it has a sense of wonder. I think sometimes geography, which doesn't allow you to have certain things to keep you busy, causes you to find and grasp at certain things that makes you more creative intellectually. That doesn't necessarily make you smart - I don't mean to say that - but it does make you think of things that you wouldn't have if you had all the computer games and the like.

But then I think what happens with writers like Howard, like Neal and like myself, we sometimes foster that stimulation in other readers and writers of other generations. I do think that, though Neal is of a generation ahead of us, that it was essentially the same sort of intellectual wasteland that made him who he is, that made us who we are.

Blaschke:

Describe "Mojo" as it applies to your writing. "Mojo storytelling" has become synonymous with your work.

Lansdale:

Yeah, it seems to be. For me it was just the name of that novel, Mucho Mojo. Mojo, of course, usually has a sexual connotation in music "You've got your mojo working." You know, those are famous songs. But it's also a kind of magic. It can be dark and it can be light or white magic. To me it's really just doing your magic, doing what you do, giving it the best you can, and that's what I try to do in my work. So in that way it's "Mojo." Now, the

"Mojo Storytelling" you see mentioned on my website, I didn't come up with - but I think it's kinda cool.

Blaschke:

When you interact with your readers, there doesn't seem to be much of a dividing line between yourself and your work. It bleeds over - you become an extension of the work, part of the performance.

Lansdale:

Yeah, I think that's right. I think I try to reflect myself in the work - not necessarily consciously, but just because I don't know any better. It's just what I know, I'm doing what I do.

Blaschke:

There's no arguing that "doing what you do" has been effective for you - it seems sometimes that everyone has Joe Lansdale stories. Do you know at which point your author persona became larger than life?

Lansdale:

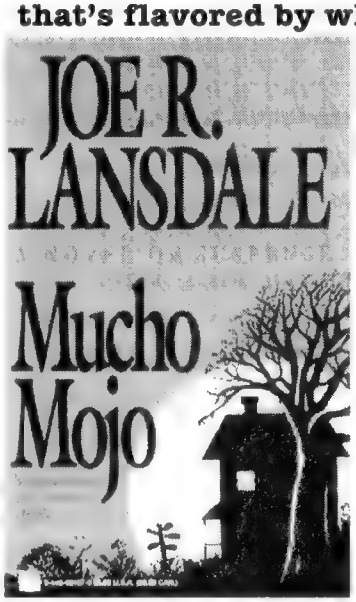
Well, I have no idea, because I don't see myself in that way. I always find that amusing. I'm just the same guy I always was. I'm just older, a little bit more experienced and have less hair.

Blaschke:

You've been called "The Stephen King of Texas," but that's simplifying things a bit. Your writing style is unique, to say the least. Did you originally set out to stake out your own style, or is that just your natural voice?

Lansdale:

I think it's a little of both. I think everybody when they first set out, they're trying for something that's distinctively their own, and by doing that you usually begin by imitating others, and so it's not anything like yourself. But you almost kinda have to push it through some kind of sieve of something, strain it, and eventually one day you're writing in your own voice, finding your own voice. Sometimes that's flavored by what you've learned.

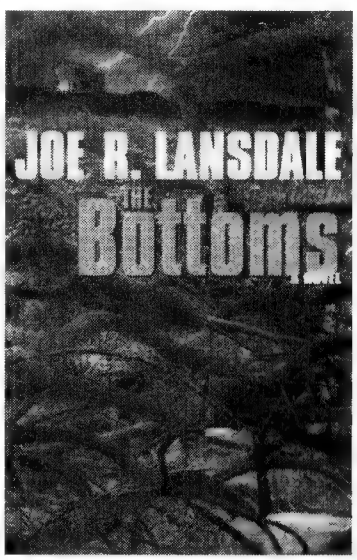


There's certainly an element of James M. Cain, an element of Flannery O'Connor, an element of Ray Bradbury... You know, you could name a lot of different people who have influenced me, but I think finally I've taken what I've learned from then - which is more how to handle "story," more how to make these things work - and sort of strained it through this East Texas strainer and began to understand my own experiences. 'Cause I think when I first started writing, I was so young I hadn't had enough time to back off my own experiences, to know what they meant or if they were worth anything. Gradually, as time goes on, you realize, "You know, all this stuff I didn't think about - the kind of

jobs I've had, the kind of people I've know, my background, where I grew up this is the stuff that should be the backbeat and the rhythm of what I write."

Blaschke:

You write novels and short stories with equal style and skill. What do you get out of each form? Is there a difference?



Lansdale:

Yes. Some of it's hard to explain. Some of it's an emotional release. One of the things I like about short stories is that if you've got an idea or got a feeling or an urge, you can write quickly and can get the story out, and you've sort of fulfilled that emotional charge. And you're done. You can also experiment more, you can jump around from different kinds of stories, from one to the other. You can express a lot of ideas and a lot of emotions quickly by writing short stories. But you write them with the same approach, in that you try to do the best job you can. It's just that you have less space and you have to be, I think more skilled in some ways to write a really good short story. That's not to say you should be less skilled to write a novel, but I think it takes a special kind of skill.

Fortunately, I think that was really my strong point when I started to do short stories, so when I moved into novels I actually found it was a little easier to do. Somebody, I can't remember who it was, once said, "Writing a novel is an easy way to write a short story." I think that's true. But novels have their own rewards. I mean there're things they do that short stories can't. You can develop the background, the characters, you can have more events, give it more texture. So they each have their own rewards. Comic books have theirs, screenplays have theirs, plays have theirs...

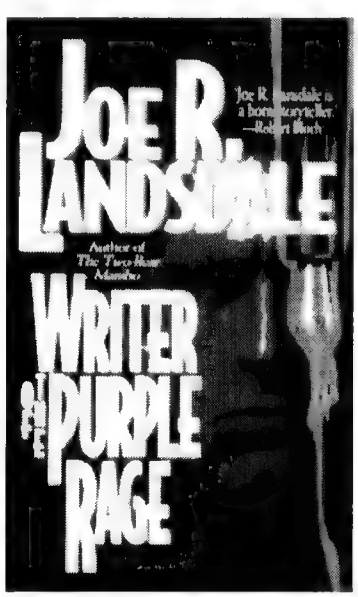
Blaschke:

You've done a lot of work for DC Comics, Jonah Hex, Batman and the like. What do you get out of that medium?

Lansdale:

I think the comics to me, first of all, the most important thing, is it's a connection back to where I started. Comics have a lot to do with how I learned to read and my first interests. I think they introduced me to mystery, they introduced me to science fiction and fantasy and horror, gothic elements and hardboiled... all those things were in those comics I read. Batman contained all of those, sometimes on the same page. So when I was a child that was a great influence, so for me, that was always there.

Secondly, it's a way of telling a story in a unique way that's quick, and you get to see the artist do his or her part so that you're always surprised. It's always more than just what you created. That's part of it. And it's just another medium to me that expresses story. It gives me a chance to do it in a different way.



Blaschke:

High Cotton is your new collection. All

the stories contained in it were personally selected by you. What was your criteria for choosing what went in and what didn't?

Lansdale:

I guess the stories that I thought were most representative of my work over a period of time, that were also stories that were worthy of being collected in a special... "Best of" almost is what it is.

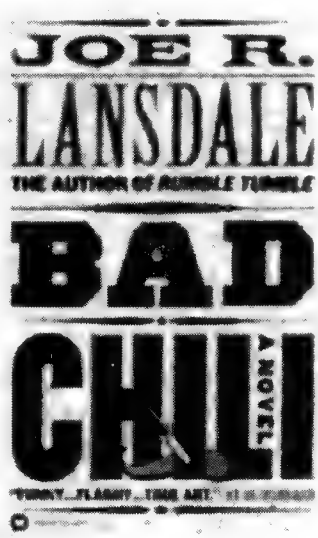
I chose the stories primarily that I liked, and in a couple of cases I chose stories that for whatever reason, readers just seemed to absolutely love. So it's a mixture of about 90 percent exactly what I think is my best work and 10 percent what readers have responded so much to.

Blaschke:

So tell me, have you encountered Bigfoot yet with your relatives down in the bottoms?

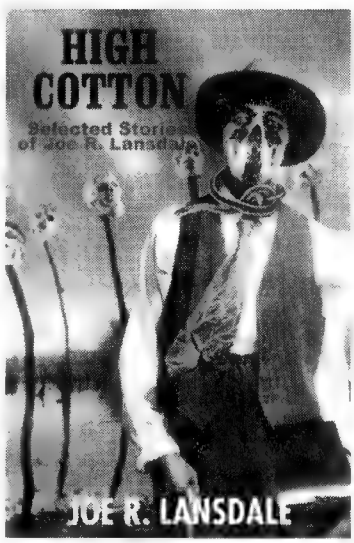
Lansdale:

Ha! They're still looking. I have a cousin, and he's very serious about this. He believes that there's a bigfoot in this Louisiana swamp. And they've found footprints, which they've shown me, and I have to admit are very curious. Now, as to how they got there, I don't believe he planted them and I don't believe anybody else did because they're so deep down in the bottoms. Whatever it is, he's convinced that there's this beast out there.



I've gone a couple of times with him, just out of curiosity. Of course, I've never seen anything or heard anything. Some of the people he had with him, it's like a stick breaks and they think it's bigfoot. But it is interesting, and he's deadly serious. They're hunting, and good luck to 'em. Boy, it'd be kind of interesting if there were, but I've seen no real evidence of it.

Bigfoot's almost become like the Frankenstein Monster and Dracula, because it's not scary anymore a lot of times. It's just kind of like an image. I thought about writing a novel about it, but every time I start to do it, it just seems like "Harry and the Hendersons."



Blaschke:

You won the Bram Stoker award for long fiction for Mad Dog Summer and The Big Blow. You've got six Stoker awards now. What was your reaction to that?

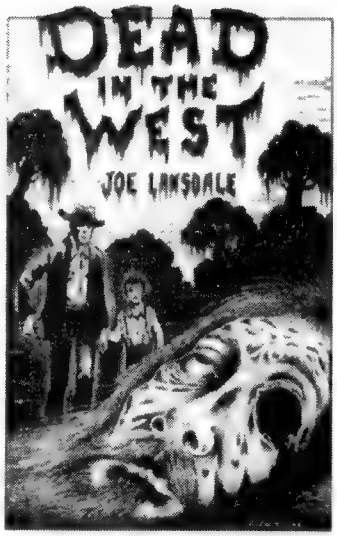
Lansdale:

Neat. It was neat. I'm sometimes surprised. The Big Blow and Mad Dog Summer, neither one struck me as being essentially horror pieces, but they certainly have horror elements in some ways, if you're talking about realistic horror elements. So in that way, of course, I was very pleased. I was surprised.

Blaschke:

A lot of your work has elements of graphic violence. A lot of your work is flat-out disturbing. Have you ever caught flack for your content?

Lansdale:



I think when my first novel came out, Act of Love, as I remember, it was banned in Albuquerque. Someone told me that, and I think what they really meant was that there was some bookstore that wouldn't carry it. So there was a little bit of that when Act of Love came out, and you know, it's a very crude novel. But for its time it was ahead of itself. They really weren't doing that kind of thing. It took Thomas Harris, when he came along, for people to be ready. And he did a lot better job. But when I did it, it was new. It was something that had not been done before in quite that way. But really, except for an individual person being upset by a story, I've been amazed at the fact this stuff has been accepted as well as it has, and in some cases it's accepted in literary circles, which I find really interesting. Of course, I'm glad.

Blaschke:

Your upcoming project is Zeppelins West.

Lansdale:

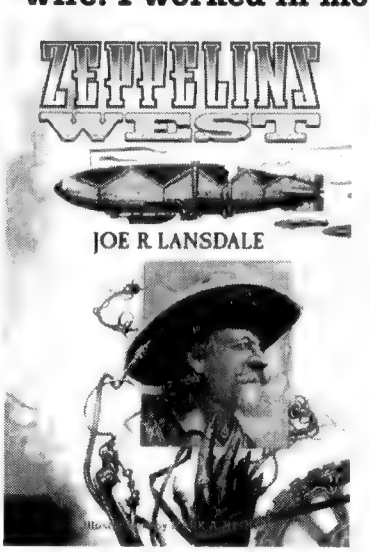
Now that one won't be accepted in literary circles. Zeppelins West is just a farce. What really happened is I set out to write a semiserious short story that took place in an alternate universe for an anthology, and as I was writing it just kept growing and just kept getting dumber and dumber and dumber, in a funny way. I realized this wasn't really appropriate for this anthology. It just wouldn't fit in. Then of course it got longer, and it wouldn't fit in that way, either. And I decided to go absolutely nuts and to have a good time — it was originally meant to be a comic book, the idea was. It has that feel of comics, and it has that feel of dime novels and claymation, actually. I kind of saw it as claymation. So I just started writing and having fun. Like I said, it's a farce. It's about 200 pages. It's the sort of thing like Phil Farmer's Fearless Peer, and that was a great inspiration for it. Also Brautigan's The Hawkline Monster. So those two books are probably it's forefathers, so to speak, or maybe its mother and father.

Blaschke:

When did you know you wanted to write? You had a variety of careers before becoming taking on writing as a full-time job.

Lansdale:

Actually, I wanted to be a writer ever since I was a child. The first things I ever wrote were when I was nine years old. I don't know about careers — I think that's the wrong word. I had a lot of different jobs. I was an organic farmer. We raised goats. I worked in an aluminum chair factory — that was earlier, before I met my wife. I worked in mobile home factories. I did a little college, never finished any of it. I got about two years over a four-year period I think, that's the way I always look at it. I had just every kind of odd job, you know, literally digging ditches. My mother always said, "If you don't get an education, you'll dig



ditches." One day I was digging ditches and I said, "Damn."

I was going to get the education, but what happened is the writing began to sell. And that's what I always wanted to do. I majored in archaeology, and I still have an interest in that, but I also came to realize that I really didn't want to go into a museum every day. My chance for doing field work was limited, and I didn't really want to work in the field every day — it was a lot like digging a ditch! You know, being an archaeologist. But things began to sell and I just went that way. I certainly did a lot of different jobs, but I wouldn't call then careers. I've been a martial artist all my life, and I've taught it, and I teach it now very regularly, but it was never a career.

Blaschke:

Speaking of which, you have quite a few different black belts and have been inducted into the International Martial Arts Hall of Fame. What prompted you to develop Shen Chuan, your own discipline?

Lansdale:

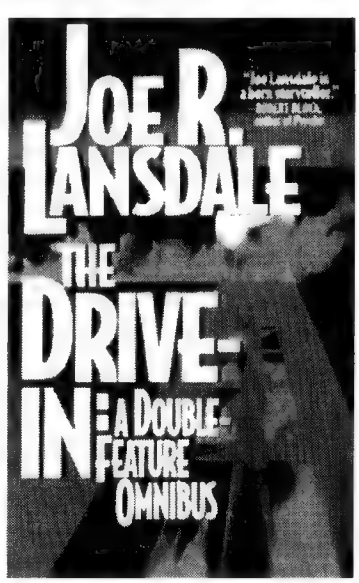
What happened is just that over the years you look up one day, and you're teaching stuff that you have sort of molded in your own image. It doesn't mean you have created the arts — they existed before you. But what you do is that you have your own expression, your own blending of certain arts that you've learned. And one day you realize you're not really teaching those, and so you feel like a fraud by saying, "I'm teaching such-and-such," because you're no longer doing that. Many of my students said, "Look man, you ought to do something with this. This is great. Do something with it." And so I did. I took it before some other Grand Masters and they signed off on it, and so, hey, you know, that's it. I was promoted to Founder/Grand Master of Shen Chuan. Or recognized as Grand Master. No one can actually promote you in your own system, they can only recognize your work.

Blaschke:

How's that affected your writing? Does it have any kind of influence?

Lansdale:

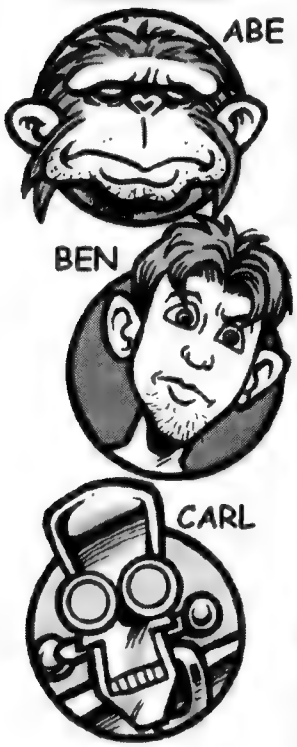
Yeah, I think it has. It's funny — I did a talk at the University of Houston, and part of it was on writing and part of it was on martial arts. They wanted to know if there's a connection when I do that. There is, and in many ways I think a lot of it has to do with just becoming centered and having a tremendous amount of discipline to do the work. Also, economy of motion is important in both of these things, I think. That's the way I write. I try to write in an economical way, in that there's more to what's going on than what you see in martial arts, and there's more going on in the writing — when I do it right — than what's on the page, literally.

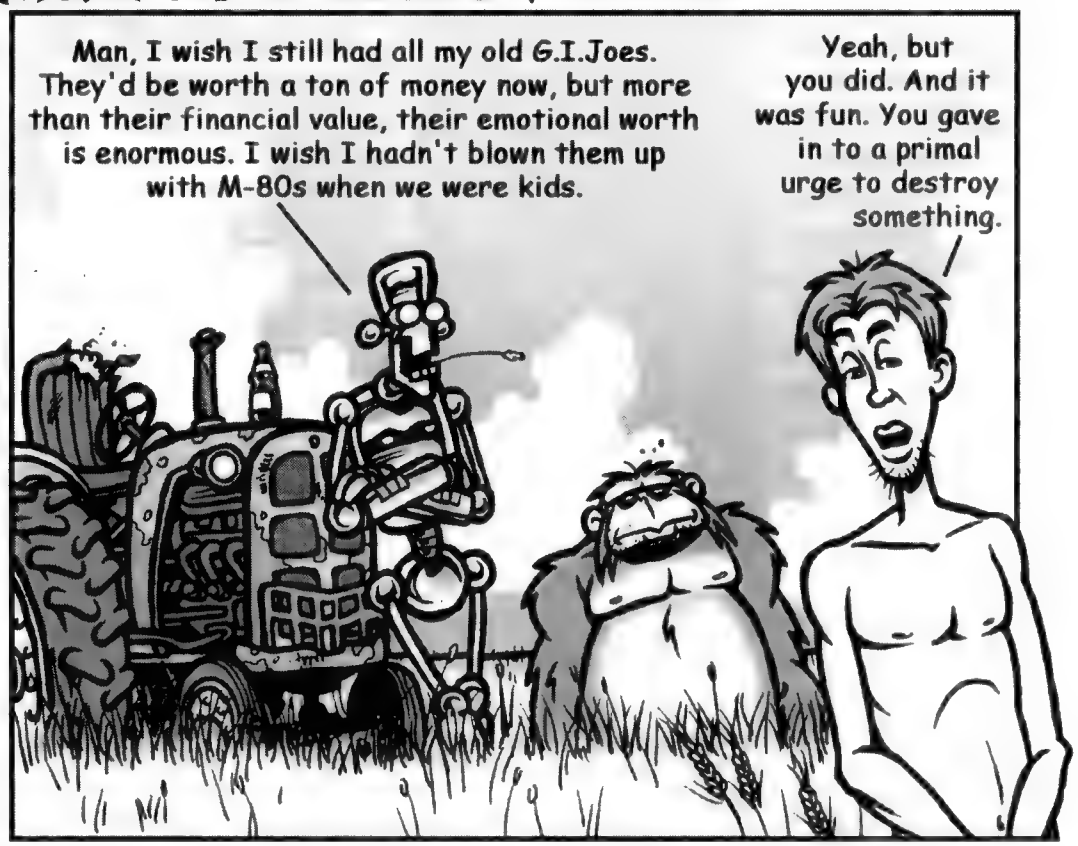


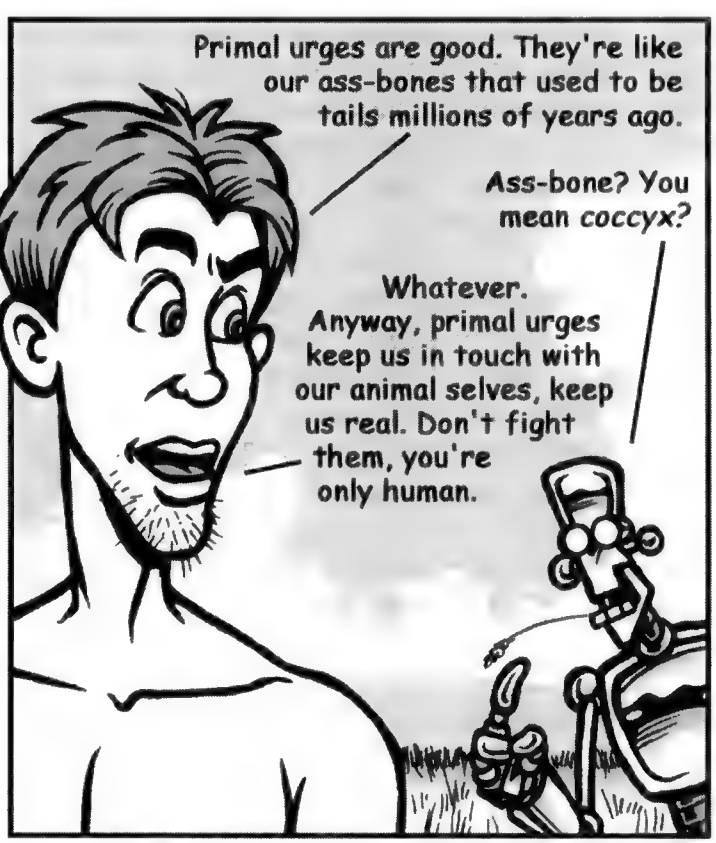
In other words, what's on the stage ain't just what's going on. There's somebody behind the scenes working all the mechanisms and putting on the makeup.

THE THINKING APE BLUES by Mark Poutenis

STARRING THE PROGRESS BROS.







©2001 · MARK POUTENIS

—END—

Mpoutenis@si.rr.com

www.videowasteland.com

YOUR ONE STOP SHOP FOR EVERYTHING FROM ALIENS TO ZOMBIES

VIDEO WASTELAND

MOVIE MEMORABILIA AND VIDEO RENTALS BY MAIL

MOVIE POSTERS
COLLECTIBLES
AUTOGRAPHS
RARE VIDEO AND DVD
WRESTLING STUFF
T-SHIRTS AND MORE

The Video Wasteland MERCHANDISE CATALOG contains thousands of Movie Related Items. One can be yours for ONLY $3.00 [$5.00 Foreign]

THOUSANDS OF RARE, OUT-OF-PRINT & HARD TO FIND HORROR, EXPLOITATION & CULT FILMS.

All available to inexpensively rent through our rent-by-mail service to anywhere in the U.S.A.

WANT TO READ OVER 4,000 MOVIE REVIEWS? THEN GET OUR 160 PAGE, ILLUSTRATED REFERENCE AND REVIEW GUIDE, ALONG WITH OUR 60 PAGE ADDITIONS UPDATE FOR ONLY $15.00 POSTAGE PAID [$20.00 Foreign]

And we'll send along a Merchandise Catalog absolutely FREE too.

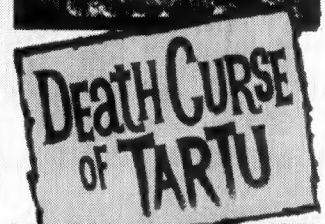
VIDEO WASTELAND, INC. PO BOX 81551 CLEVELAND, OH. 44181-1551

Phone (440) 891-1920 1pm to 9pm EST E Mail: zombies@videowasteland.com Mail Order ONLY - No Store to Visit

SECURE ON LINE ORDERING: www.videowasteland.com

The Grindhouse Greats of WILLIAM GREFÉ!

A jellyfish man, homicidal junkies, a priest on acid, and Miss Rita Hayworth getting high! They're all here and part of the wild world of William Grefé, Florida's foremost exploitation film director, whose Drive-In Classicks encompassed such popular genres as horror films, racing flicks, and drug movies — often shot in some godawful swamp — while always managing to include a musical moment where sexy gals shake their butts! See: Goofy-Looking Monsters! See: Hippies Gone Bad!! See: The Grindhouse Greats of William Grefé!



DEATH CURSE OF TARTU • 1967 • color

Those wacky Everglades! They're full of all sorts of wild, scary animals, some of which are even the supernatural manifestations of "evil spirits and witch doctors that turn themselves into giant alligators!" Or snakes. And sharks. Really.

Four archaeology students activate the DEATH CURSE OF TARTU when they start making out and go-go dancing on an ancient indian burial ground. This so annoys Tartu, a Seminole witch doctor dead some 400 years, that his decomposed corpse comes to life, changes into a variety of animals, and promptly starts killing everyone. But when the students' teacher finds Tartu's resting place and tries to destroy his remains, Tartu climbs out of his casket, turns into his young pre-rotted self, and goes chasing after the leading lady... #7705 **$15**

STING OF DEATH • 1966 • color

Oh, lordy lord... Take a deep breath, get the smelling salts, and strap yourself in 'cause this here is the world's first and only Jellyfish-Man Movie and seeing it still ain't believing it!

A mad marine biologist sneaks off to an underwater lab, transforms himself into a mutant half-man, half-Portuguese man-of-war, and attacks college kids with his STING OF DEATH! Why? 'Cause he's in love! Really. And with his giant bulbous head , the jellyfish man may very well be the single most hilarious-looking movie monster yet committed to film!

An instant kitsch classick, STING OF DEATH contrasts its candy colors, cheerful atmosphere, and insipid characters with a hilariously high body count in which practically everyone in the cast is killed. #7706 **$15**

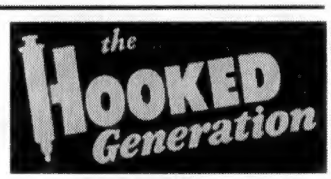
RACING FEVER • 1964 • color

RACING FEVER is a shot-in-Miami, high-octane ode to speed on the high seas among the adrenalin-charged world of speedboat racing, with a healthy dose of grim, downright *nasty* melodrama thrown in!

Pop Gunner is an aging champion hydroplane racer who's preparing for his last race before handing the reins over to his hunky son, Lee. But all racing heroes must have a nemesis, and Pop's is Gregg Stevenson, a rich cad who is not only the current champ, but is also having an extramarital fling with Pop's young, confused daughter, Linda.

Highlighted by authentic racing footage, and held together by its very seedy, soap opera-like story line, RACING FEVER is a down and dirty exploitationer in the true Sixties tradition. #7710 **$15**

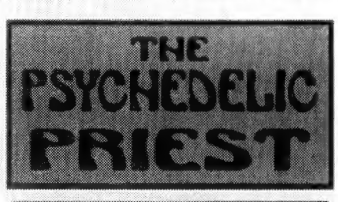
THE HOOKED GENERATION 1968 • color

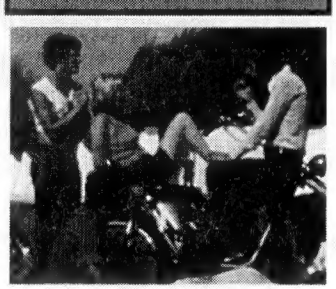


Three drug-crazed criminals are tossed into the swamp, resulting in a gritty late-Sixties time capsule of homicide, hypodermics, and hippies gone bad.

Daisy, Acid, and Dum-Dum want to be big-time drug dealers but, unfortunately, have the collective I.Q. of a pack of rolling papers. After slaughtering a bunch of Cubans and stealing their drugs, they're confronted by the Coast Guard who board their boat for inspection. Daisy drops the drugs overboard in a barrel, Acid goes nuts, and Dum-Dum kills everyone. The three also make hostages out of do-gooders, Mark and his girlfriend Kelly, who bumble onto the scene. But when the gang learns that the drugs are too hot to sell, they go scurrying further into the Everglades as the FBI closes in. A.k.a. **Alligator Alley**, it ain't pretty. #7709 **$15**

THE PSYCHEDELIC PRIEST 1971 • color





THE PSYCHEDELIC PRIEST is a real rarity from the tail end of the hippie movement, and emerges as a disturbing little exploitation film about a man-of the-cloth-gone-way-off-the-deep-end.

John is a young priest with a Beatle haircut who tries to teach college students about the ways of the Lord. When he catches a group of kids smoking pot, they retaliate by offering him a Coke laced with acid. Within moments, Father John is off on a wild trip, abandoning the church and taking off on a journey to find himself.

But John's religious upbringing has made him ignorant to the real ways of the world and, after encountering racist cops and being left behind by a girl he picked up en route to L.A., his life soon spirals out of control in a foggy haze of alcoholism and drug abuse. Acid fueled nostalgia, Amen! #7707 **$15**

THE NAKED ZOO

THE NAKED ZOO • 1969 • color with Rita Hayworth, Stephen Oliver, Fay Spain, Fleurette Carter, Ford Rainey, Joe E. Ross

It's not often one gets to see a cinematic Sex Goddess of the Forties wallowing in Sixties drug culture, but that's exactly what happens when Miss Columbia Pictures, RITA HAYWORTH herself, enters THE NAKED ZOO. And, yup, it's quite a spectacle!

Against the backdrop of Miami's Coconut Grove, Hayworth plays Helen Golden, the bored, hot-to-trot wife of a wheelchair-bound millionaire. Taking advantage of her husband's infirmity and wealth, Helen pays ultra-hip, perpetually-stoned writer Terry Shaw to be her lover. They also ingest lots of booze, pot, and pills. But when Mr. G catches Helen and Terry kissing on a couch, he whips out a gun in a frenzy, and goes zipping around in his motorized wheelchair, trying to shoot them. It's a particularly wild scene that ends only when the old coot is accidentally killed.

The plot then takes a psychedelic detour as Terry keeps his distance from Helen and takes up with both a lovely black lady and a strange ditzy blonde until Helen beckons him back with a vague threat of blackmail.

Groovy man! #7708 **$15**

SOMETHING WEIRD VIDEO®

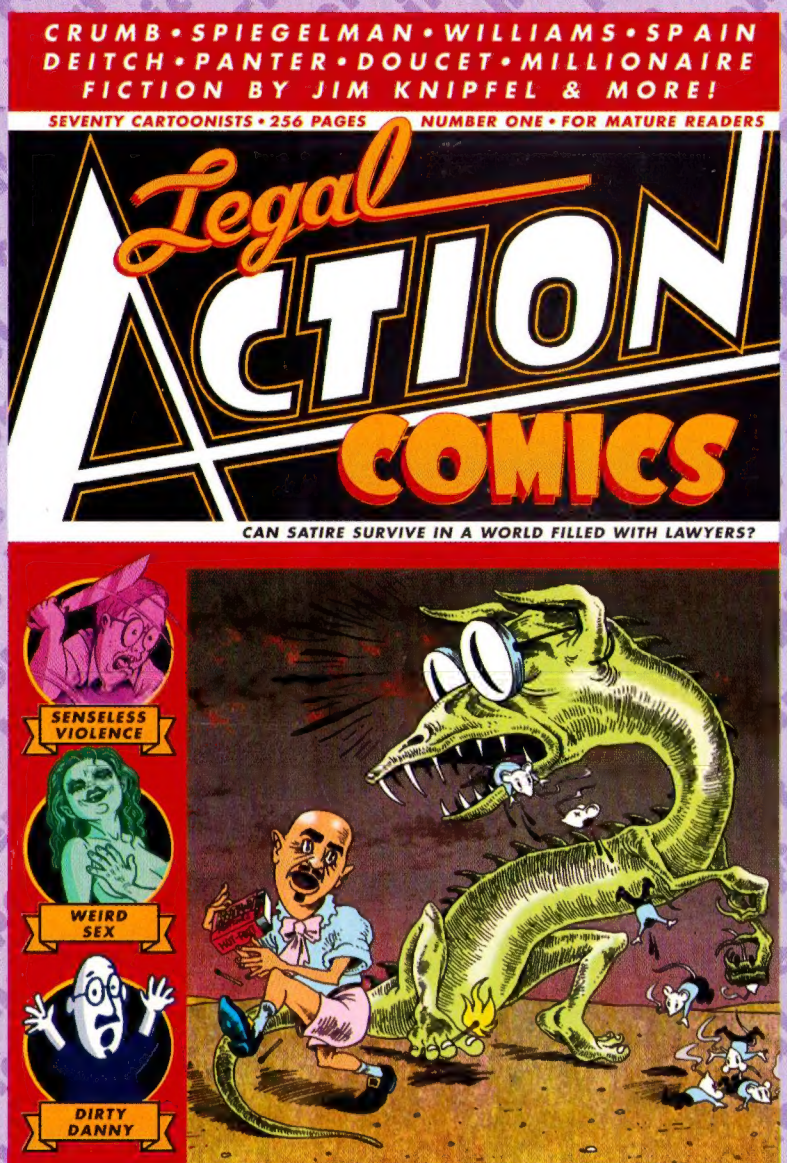
Postage: U.S. Domestic: $5 first video, $1.25 each additional video.
Foreign: CANADA & MEXICO: $6 postage per video. OVERSEAS: $8 postage per video.
Washington state residents add 8.6% sale tax.

SOMETHING WEIRD VIDEO • POB 33664 • SEATTLE, WA 98133
206-361-3759 • FAX 206-364-7526 • www.somethingweird.com

SEND $5 FOR OUR COMPLETE CATALOG!

ROTTEN COTTON GRAPHICS
TWISTED T-SHIRTS!!!
HORROR-SLEAZE-EXPLOITATION
ROTTEN cotton
NOW FEATURING OVER 200 COOL T-SHIRT DESIGNS!
THE LARGEST SELECTION OF TWISTED T-SHIRTS IN THE WORLD!
CALIFORNIA
STATE BIRD
ROUTE 666
Goblin
OLD CROW
DRUNKS AGAINST MADD MOTHERS
GO TO OUR WEB-SITE PUNK!!!
WWW.ROTTENCOTTON.COM
SHIRTS FOR ALL YOUR FAVORITE HORROR & CULT FILMS!
ERASERHEAD
DAWN OF THE DEAD
OR SEND $2.00 FOR OUR GIANT CATALOG!
ROTTEN COTTON
P.O. BOX 3315
ANTIOCH CA 94531-3315

WHAT CRITICS HAVE TO SAY ABOUT LEGAL ACTION COMICS VOLUME ONE:



"A virtual who's who of the last three decades of American cartooning."

Sam Adams,
Philadelphia City Paper

"The Holy Grail of Alternative Comics has arrived! A definite must-have for independant comics fans!"

Casey Seijas,
WIZARD Magazine

"Legal Action Comics" supports a worthy cause, and this sometimes brilliant pastiche of contemporary cartooning is certainly worth the price of purchase.

James Norton,
flakmag.com

"The strength of "Legal Action Comics" is the diversity of contributors, making it a must-have for anyone interested in the variety of comic styles out there."

Andrew D. Arnold,
Time.com

"This is a vital look at the current state of independent comics and cartoonists, but with an added focus on the indomitable Hellman. That so many cartoonists would come to his aid is bound to make you root for him as well, but I believe the book is worthwhile even without a cause behind it."

Chris Allen, COMIC BOOK GALAXY

Legal Action Comics features comics by legendary contributors such as Robert Crumb, Art Spiegelman, Robert Williams, Kim Deitch, Mary Fleener, Gary Panter, Spain Rodriguez, Jay Lynch, Tony Millionaire, Kaz, Julie Doucet, and sixty other top talents.

available on the web at:
www.lastgasp.com & www.budplant.com
visit www.dannyhellman.com for more information!